

*The* Magazine for the Christian Home

# Hearthstone

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- Bible Reading and Family Living—*Robert Torbit*
- Let's Have a Picnic—*Herald B. Monroe*

June 1951



# The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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Published Jointly Each Month By

#### Christian Board of Publication

Oreon E. Scott, *President*  
2700 Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 3, Mo.

#### The American Baptist Publication Society

Luther Wesley Smith, *Executive Secretary*  
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 3

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house.

Quotations from the Old Testament are from the American Standard Revised Version of the Bible and New Testament quotations are from the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament, both copyrighted by the International Council of Religious Education and used by permission.

Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscription, \$2.50 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



## Fireside Chat . . .

Picnic time is here! Herald B. Monroe, executive secretary of the Ohio Christian Missionary Society, gives us a delightful article that will make you dust off the picnic hamper, shake out the red-checked tablecloth, and start counting noses. But we'll guarantee you won't take along your usual picnic fare—at least not after you've read "Those Outdoor Appetites." Those food suggestions will win everyone.

Speaking of food, there's a delicious cake filling recipe on page 37. It's made with frozen orange juice—try it!

A "must" for parents of children in church school is "What Is This?" by Mrs. Robert Nestor, state director of children's work for Oklahoma.

This month is appropriate for "Father Is a Family Man," in which author Vera Channels stresses the value of close father-child relationships.

The author of "Bible Reading and Family Living," Robert Torbit, is a professor at the Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia.

Pointers for teen-agers on "Getting Along With the Small Fry" are given by Dorothea Cornwell, book review editor on the Baptist editorial staff.

Well, Cousin Tom has been up in the air all month and probably so have his small readers. Glenn Asquith will bring them all down to earth as he finishes the Cousin Tom story on page 27.

Did you know about the International Friendship Gardens in Indiana? Helen Buckley describes them on page 11. If your summer vacation takes you near by perhaps you can arrange to visit this lovely spot.





Albert Schweitzer, world-famous medical missionary, kneels with little Jennifer Giglio as he leaves a luncheon held in his honor by the Federal Council of Churches.

Toyohiko Kagawa, famous Christian leader, as he speaks with a parishioner.



# *A Word* *from* **The Word**

*Greatness is service . . .*

And James and John, the sons of Zebedee, came forward to him, and said to him, "Teacher, we want you to do for us whatever we ask of you." And he said to them, "What do you want me to do for you?" And they said to him, "Grant us to sit, one at your right hand and one at your left, in your glory." But Jesus said to them, "What do you want me to do for asking. Are you able to drink the cup that I drink, or to be baptized with the baptism with which I am baptized?" And they said to him, "We are able." And Jesus said to them, "The cup that I drink you will drink; and with the baptism with which I am baptized, you will be baptized; but to sit at my right hand or at my left is not mine to grant; but it is for those for whom it has been prepared." And when the ten heard it, they began to be indignant at James and John. And Jesus called them to him and said to them, "You know that those who are supposed to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great men exercise authority over them. But it shall not be so among you; but whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be slave of all.

Mark 10:35-44



# BIBLE READING

WHEN GREAT-GREAT grandmother was a girl the most treasured book in the home was the Bible. In many families it had few rivals so far as reading matter was concerned. Magazines were not plentiful; newspapers were just becoming popular; and a good book was a treasure. It was not unusual for the family to tarry about the supper table after the evening meal for the evening devotional reading. With due reverence, the Bible was read and prayers were offered.

Today the scene has been radically changed. The average American family is seldom together for any length of time. Meals are eaten hurriedly in anticipation of the varied pursuits of the evening—a basketball game, bowling, the movies, or television. Even in Christian homes the brief moments of devotional reading of the Bible are a great concession, if indulged in at all; and a serious study of the Scriptures is scarcely regarded as a possibility.

Yet all sober-minded citizens are agreed that the basic problems of modern life are vitally related to the family—juvenile delinquency, broken homes, community morale, and spiritual indifference. For after all is said about one world, it is still a basic truth that the real testing ground of harmonious living together is the family. It is there that the lessons of mutual respect and of reverence for moral law and divine truth are learned. If they are not taught in the home, the public schools and the church already have two strikes against them.

It has been said prosaically, but none the less truthfully, that the Bible provides the most adequate guide to Christian family living. It is generally agreed that in its pages are to be found the answers to the basic spiritual needs of the human heart in all the relationships of life. Is it not then wise to consider the place that actual Bible study should have in the Christian family and what contributions it might make to the successful living of the family as Christians?

We may begin with the principle that the Bible leads the family to a discovery of the need for a unifying factor, which is to be found in a common devotion to Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. A careful reading of any one of the four Gospels will lead a thoughtful person to see that the Christian message is that no one can be truly happy and successful in life without Christ. No one of the Gospels can be studied for long without bringing one face to face

*It is in the home that "the lessons of  
mutual respect and of reverence  
and divine truth are learned."*

By ROBERT G. TORBIT

with the question: "What do you think of the Christ? The winsomeness of the Savior's ministry to men and women and boys and girls of all stations in life extends beyond the record of what happened centuries ago to what can happen in a person's life today. Jesus had much to say about joy and peace and comfort and faith—words which have a healing quality to the soul that is all but torn asunder by the stress and strain of modern living.

What family could resist the appeal of John's first epistle? "My little children, I am writing this to you so that you may not sin, but if any one does sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the expiation for our sins, and not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world" (1 John 2:1-2). How fitting for a family to gather at the feet of the beloved apostle who writes, out of a long experience with Christ, as a father to his children in the faith. The greatest truths of the gospel are to be found in this little letter of five chapters: that God is love; that he that does the will of God abides forever; that whatever we ask of him we receive because we keep his commandment; that we believe in the name of his Son,



# nd Family Living



Religious News Service

Jesus Christ, and love one another; that mature love casts out fear; that victory over the world belongs to those who have faith in him.

Each family will have to be guided in its plan of Bible study in this respect by the needs of its members. Where there are Christians of limited knowledge of the Bible, it will be best to begin with the united reading and study one of the Gospels, to be

followed by the Acts or John's epistles. For the more advanced, the selection of one of Paul's epistles will be helpful. To be sure, guidance from a commentary may be needed if all of the great truths of a book like Romans are to be grasped. But it is surprising how much of the message can be understood by a thoughtful and consecutive reading aloud of the book itself. As each member of the family is committed



to Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior there develops a spiritual unity which can be attained in no other way.

Family study of the Bible also develops a sense of security through its message of the providential care of God. In these days of materialism and skepticism it is particularly important to rediscover the meaning of the term which was so familiar to our forefathers—the providence of God. Insecurity flees before faith in a God who cares and who provides for his own out of his vast resources. Fear of the future and disquiet over possible catastrophes to come are scattered when one rests upon the promises of God.

It is a wise family that reads together the Psalms, that collection of hymns and poems which expresses the deepest experiences and yearnings of the human heart. The biographical sections in the Bible are also particularly helpful in teaching the great truths that life for the Christian is not the product of chance, but of divine providence. Who can study the life story of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Samuel, or David and not be impressed by the leading of the Lord in human destiny? Or who can read the prophetic messages of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, or Daniel, and fail to see the hand of God in the affairs of nations?

The Bible affords a third contribution to family life in that it outlines the pattern for successful living together. Christian parents would do well to study with their children the Proverbs of the Old Testament. There is no finer collection of nuggets of truth for character building.

All too many Christians have neglected the Sermon on the Mount; yet therein is contained the standard of thought and action for those who have been called out of this sinful world to live according to the will of God. A serious study of the teachings of our Lord would sharpen the meaning of Jesus' words: "My kingdom is not of this world." Only when we realize that the pattern of life expected of the Christian who has been redeemed by the grace of the Savior through faith is on a different plane from that of life expected of citizens of the kingdoms of this world of sin—only then will we develop relationships with our fellowmen which are truly Christian.

Bible study, moreover, can develop in Christian families an acceptance of the principle of divine authority which is symbolized by the Word of God when it is taken seriously. The sacred Scriptures become for the understanding Christian the external evidence of the authority of God. If there is any one basic lack in society today, it is the absence of respect for authority. Yet democracy itself will wither and die without the wholesome regard for discipline and control of the baser and selfish instincts within man. Unless there be a vision of God who is sovereign, the free peoples of earth will perish. For men who refuse to recognize a higher power than themselves also reject belief in the sacred inviolability of the individual person.

It is, therefore, highly important that the Christian family becomes convinced that the Bible is not just a religious book, but that it is the authoritative Word of God, sufficient for all matters of faith and conduct. Among the strongest and most significant builders of a Christian culture were the Puritans of England and Colonial America. From them we have received a goodly heritage. The moral ideals of our life in Protestant America were shaped largely by their attitude towards the Bible. It is not so important whether we agree with our Puritan forefathers in the details concerning amusements and dress, but it is vital that we recognize the secret of their moral strength. It lay in their reverence for the authority of God in all matters of faith and daily living. And their textbook was the Bible through the pages of which breathed the "Thus saith the Lord" to their every problem. It is that kind of reverence which must be recovered today. There is no conflict between this attitude toward the Bible as the authoritative Word of God and a recognition of various types of literary expression in the Bible as men of different backgrounds and training were used of God to bring his message to men. The Bible is one of the great mysteries of our faith. As in the Incarnation, God united with humanity to become the perfect God-man, our blessed Redeemer, so in the union of the Holy Spirit with holy men of old, God gave to the world a record of the great drama of redemption that all might read and find therein the way to the Savior.



Serrano

"He's brought him home safe and sound, dear!"





*A Story by* MADGE LAY RUARK

# LETTING HIM GROW UP

**J**OE BENTLY, stepping down from the school bus, said, "See you Monday."

The driver nodded, and the bus rolled away in a cloud of dust. Joe, turning into the lane that led to his grandfather's house, felt the September sun warm upon his back. His school sweater prickled, and he kicked a stone rebelliously. Seventeen, he thought bitterly, and I might just as well be ten for all the good it would do me to ask for the car. It wasn't as if he couldn't drive. He had had the driver's course in high school last year as a junior, and now, with a driver's license, he wasn't even allowed to take Gran in for groceries on Saturday.

"Crazy teen-agers!" grandfather had exploded, when the question first came up. "Half the accidents these days are caused by them, and the way to avoid them is to keep youngsters away from the wheel." His thin, lined face had been as stern as his voice and as unrelenting. The car, a 1940 model, looked almost as new as the day grandfather had got it ten years ago, and grandfather intended to keep it that way. Most boys, Joe reflected, who lived in the



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL A. GROUT

Joe filled the baskets quickly, while his grandfather stood back looking disgruntled because of his inability to do what his grandson must do for him



country, drove cars of their own—outdated models picked up for anything from forty to a hundred dollars. He had plenty in his savings account to buy one; for grandfather had let him have some project on the farm ever since he had come to live with his grandparents at the age of six. He had never even broached the subject of a car of his own, knowing it was out of the question.

Gran had been proud of his learning to drive at school. He knew she felt complete confidence in him, and he could see right away that she felt his knowing how to drive would give her the opportunity to go a little more—church socials and club meetings, for instance. Grandfather was usually impatient with such things; begrudged the time they took if he had to drive her someplace in the afternoon, or balked stubbornly if expected to attend at night. Gran had been the first to suggest Joe's driving the car. At grandfather's refusal, she had counseled Joe to have patience, but jeepers! a fellow couldn't have patience forever. If he could just have the car next Friday night to take Marcy to the fall prom, he wouldn't care if he never had it again—that is, not for a while, anyway. Marcy lived down the road from him and was a senior, too. He hadn't asked her for a date, though he knew she hoped he would; but you couldn't expect a girl to walk five miles to a prom.

Usually the friendly, rambling white house awakened a feeling of warmth in his heart, for he loved it; but this evening he scarcely saw it. He followed the graveled path to the back door, and entering the wide, sunny kitchen, he flung his books on the table. Gran, at the sink turned to smile at him, but he felt too heavyhearted to smile back.

"There's fresh apple pie, Joey. Are you hungry?"

He ran a hand through his rough, dark hair and dropped into a chair by the table. *Joey*. He loved Gran, but the name grated. A little-boy name, the one she always used for him.

"Where's grandfather?" he asked. Then catching the sweet, spicy fragrance of the pie, he

added, "Sure, I'd like a piece, Gran."

Gran placed a generous piece before him. "He's picking apples off the tree in the barn lot, but I told him to let you get the higher branches."

Joe nodded, savoring the pie. Grandfather, crippled with rheumatism, couldn't climb; and hating the fact that he couldn't, he'd probably try it. Joe ate faster.

"You're worrying about something, Joey." Her kind, blue eyes were noting the sullen lines of his face, he knew, and he tried to smooth them out. Gran wanted him to have what the other boys had, but he wouldn't trade places with any of them, except possibly to play football, which he hadn't been able to do because grandfather needed him evenings—and to drive a car. I'll ask him, he thought. It won't do any good, but I'll ask him.

He stood up, taking the last bite. "I'd like to take Marcy to the prom," he said, making his tone as casual as he could. He knew Jerry Thomas from town would take her if he didn't, and the knowledge sent a burning resentment through him.

Gran didn't say anything for a minute. He could see by her face that she wanted him to take Marcy almost as much as he wanted to, but he could see, too, that she knew the chance was slim. Her loyalty to grandfather was making her choose her words carefully before she spoke.

"He doesn't mean to be hard, Joey," she said quietly. "It's been a long time since your grandfather was young, and in his day there were no proms and there were no cars. Someday he is going to realize that you aren't a child any longer, and things will be easier for you."

"But not by Friday night," Joe said in a tight voice, leaving the room quickly.

**G**RANDFATHER was standing beneath the apple tree, whacking limbs beyond his reach with his cane. An apple basket was half filled, and without a word Joe took the ladder and placed it high in the tree. Grandfather stood back,

leaning on his cane, looking disgruntled because of his inability to do what his grandson must do for him. Joe picked the apples quickly filling the baskets. This was Gran's "applesauce tree" and the apples would be pale golden bounty in Gran's gleaming jars within the next few days. The storage apples would have to be picked more carefully. After a time grandfather started toward the barn walking with determined briskness, his cane smacking the ground. He's getting old, Joe thought. Why, he's almost too old to drive!

When they finished picking the apples Joe carried the basket to the kitchen, and taking the milk pails, he joined his grandfather in the barn. Now, he thought. Now is the time to ask him.

The dim, hay-sweet interior of the barn eased his sense of futility, and with a little stir of hope he tried to think of words. "There is going to be a prom, Grandfather . . ." No, that wouldn't do. Over in the milking stalls his grandfather turned on the light, and Joe, approaching from the shadow, felt his heart begin to thump. "Grandfather, if I'm careful . . ." No, there was an expression of doubt in that. He had reached the stalls, and his grandfather was before him, holding open the stable gate. Joe glanced at the stern, patrician face, at the fierce white brows flaring over the keen gray eyes. The words wouldn't come. There would be no softening, no acquiescence. "No!" would fairly leap from him, Joe began the mill- ing.

In the night a storm came. Joe had gone to sleep in his upstairs room, with the muffled voices of his grandparents in the room beneath his. His grandfather's voice rose briefly and decisively time or two, and Joe writhed. He hoped his grandmother hadn't brought up his driving the car. He hadn't gumption enough to speak for himself, he wanted to skip it. At seventeen he couldn't have Gran asking for things for him. Now he rose quickly and closed his window. Outside in the darkness the trees were swaying frenziedly in the wind. He could hear the whipping boughs, and



**Last Christmas, American soldiers stationed in the area of Frankfurt, Germany, instead of giving the usual Christmas party, equipped twelve playgrounds with slides, athletic rings, sand boxes, see-saws, swings and merry-go-rounds as a Christmas gift to German children.**

barn door crashed and crashed again. He snapped on the light and reached for his clothes. He could hear his grandparents stirring, and he hurried, knowing they might need him.

Downstairs Gran was in her robe, and grandfather, hastily dressed, was struggling into a slicker.

"Wait, David," Gran said to him. "Joey is here, and he'll go."

"What is it?" Joe asked, stepping over to take the slicker from his grandfather.

"The cistern," Gran said. "Your grandfather wants to turn the spout."

"And I'm *going* to turn it," grandfather said testily, shaking off Joe's hand.

She did speak to him, Joe thought, watching his grandfather open the kitchen door and brace himself against the rush of wind and rain. He's cross with her and with me, too.

"Joe," Gran began worriedly. "I'm going, Gran," he said, starting for his own slicker. "He shouldn't be out there alone."

He couldn't see anything in the darkness, but he called to his grandfather and started for the corner of the house where the rain-spout was. He heard a piece of rain pipe crash, and in that instant there was a vivid flash of lightning across the sky. He saw his grandfather stumble. Joe ran a few steps in the immediate blackness, then groped fearfully. His grandfather lay in a heap, and Joe, leaning over, heard him moan piteously. His grandfather was a big man, but age had withered him. Joe started to lift the gaunt frame

but recognized the movement of protest. Putting his arm around his grandfather, he helped him to his feet.

In the light of the kitchen his grandfather's face was ghastly. He leaned his head against the back of the old rocker, and the fierce vitality seemed drained from him. Gran, at the phone, rang for central and waited, then rang again and again.

"It's no use, Joe," she said from across the room. "The operator doesn't answer, and I'm sure the line must be down."

She went into the bedroom and came out in a few minutes dressed. Putting on her coat, she handed Joe the car key. "Bring it right to the kitchen door, Joey, and we'll lift him carefully. I'm afraid he's hurt badly."

**T**HE STORM was breaking. Wet leaves lay over the path, and the night was filled with the sweet tangy fragrance of rain-beaten chrysanthemums. Thunder rumbled off in the west, and the woodpile was pungent as he passed it. He drove the car to the door.

As he drove along the country road toward town, Joe's only thought was that he must drive smoothly. His grandfather, hunched down in his overcoat beside him, seemed a remote stranger, lost in pain, and Joe longed for him to grumble or make some peppery comment. He sensed Gran's anxiety as she sat alone in the back seat, and for the first time he realized how much they both meant to him.

Dr. Graham's office was in his house, and it seemed an eternity to Joe while he and Gran sat in the waiting room. When Dr. Graham came out, he was smiling.

"Nothing too serious, Mrs. Bentley. A couple of fractured ribs. I suggested the hospital for several days, but he won't hear of it. I've taped him, and I'll come out tomorrow and see how he's getting along. Get him right to bed and keep him quiet." Gran looked as if she would cry from relief, and Joe felt a lump in his own throat.

The ride home was silent. Joe drove carefully and slowly, sparing his grandfather any jolt. Together he and Gran helped his grandfather into the bedroom, and as Joe turned to put up the car, his grandfather said gruffly, "Lock the garage door."

Joe hesitated as he re-entered the kitchen. Gran turned from the sink, where she was filling the hot-water bottle. "I have him to bed," she said. "I'm afraid he's chilled."

Joe went into the bedroom. He looks almost regal, Joe thought, seeing the fine white head on the pillow. Just then grandfather's eyes flew open, and the bushy brows drew together.

Joe cleared his throat. "You're not to worry, grandfather. I'll stay home from home school and take care of things."

"You'll do no such thing," grandfather said severely, "You go over to Mike Gibbs's in the morning and tell him I'll need a hired hand for a spell. You can do your chores evenings, as usual."

"Yes, sir," Joe said, turning to go.

"And another thing," grandfather said, with an impatient movement that brought a sudden wince, "this prom thing Friday night. You're to use the car." It was more a command than a gesture of permission. "And Saturday . . ." Joe's heart beat fast. Here, tonight, in this room, grandfather was letting him grow up. ". . . Saturday you will have to take your grandmother to town."

"Yes, sir," Joe said. He thought his grandfather smiled as he turned to leave, but he wasn't sure. His eyes were smarting, and he didn't dare look back.



# CHILDREN'S

By ELIZABETH LLOYD

**H**AVE you ever been afraid? Really afraid? Do you remember how you felt? It is hard to put into words, isn't it? But can you recall that feeling of blind panic, of either wanting to run away or to strike back verbally or physically at the thing or situation or the intangible something in the atmosphere? Why do you think you felt that way? Probably it was because you were at a loss to know what to do. You may not have understood what the thing was, or how to cope with the situation. In other words, you were afraid because of your ignorance, or because you were actually inadequate to deal with the problem whether it was physical or social, or you *thought* you were inadequate. Your security was gone or at least threatened and you had no confidence.

Now think of this in relation to a child. He is completely surrounded by such problems because the worlds of things and people are new to him. Each day presents new unknowns. This can be quite terrifying or it can be challenging and even rather interesting. What determines the difference? Where do children get their fears? How can we help them to face fear-producing objects or situations and overcome their fears?

Since it is easier to blame ancestors for the undesirable traits of their children, parents do not often look to their own behavior as a cause for their children's fears. Yet this is what they must do because it is now generally accepted that fears are learned and not inherited. And from such studies as that by Hagman, mothers must accept the fact that both the kind and number of their own fears will likely be found in their children. The only original fears are those of loud noise and the loss of support, all other fears being the result of something in the environment. The fear may be the result of a child's imitation of someone around him or of any sudden, unexpected and immediate situation with which he cannot contend. Young children tend to fear a specific and tangible object or act, but as they grow older (and apparently the more intelligent the child, the greater the tendency), they may have increasing fears of animals, the dark, being left alone, being hurt, and of false faces. The fear becomes centered less in the thing itself than in its potential danger. The dog *might* bite (Mommie said so!), something *might* come in the dark (such is heard over the radio and read from the papers by Daddy), Mommie and Daddy *might* not come (abandonments are frequently

topics of conversation and often used as a threat!), the policeman *might* like to lock up a bad little boy or girl. It follows logically that the more imaginative and sensitive the child, the more vulnerable he is for fear to take hold.

In addition to the actual worries and fears of the parents, very sudden happenings, and thoughtless and careless comments and behavior of the adults in the child's world, other sources of fears include:

*Threats used for disciplinary measures.* This technique is deceptive. It may seem to work for a time or two in stopping specific behavior but it also may be the beginning of a real fear.

*Overprotection of children as they are becoming acquainted with their physical environment.* This can go beyond making a child cautious and can instill fear. Dismayed remarks such as "Watch out," "Be careful," "You'll fall," "You'll get hurt," can produce fear rather than the desired caution if said quickly and sharply. Children must be permitted to take certain risks if they are going to learn to be unafraid and independent both physically and emotionally—risks, yes, and even bumps, falls and scratches.

*Too much criticism of a child's performance or too high standards.* This may cause actual fear of certain activities or an unwillingness to try anything new for fear of failing. It is tragic to find the latter even in very young children. A child who quits before he starts with "No! I can't!" is a pitiful sight to watch.

*The lack of knowledge and understanding in parents, family friends and teachers of how children learn and what might constitute a fear situation.* This may lead to very unwise behavior on their part. Too often we forget the factor of individual differences and expect the same skills and emotional control of all children in the same family or class. We also forget that once a child is afraid, courage has to be learned and that this is a long process. Modern psychology no longer condones the old and often brutal method of forcing children into activities on the mistaken theory that "they won't learn any younger" or that it is good "discipline" for them. Many children who were dropped into the water or "dropped" into a nursery school class never overcame their deadly fear of water or of children or strange places.



# 'FEARS

*A child's fear is a solid,  
tangible thing to him; in  
his small world it can  
grow to proportions of  
paralyzing terror. Some  
childhood fears are erased  
simply; some are more  
complex; but all should be  
approached with intelli-  
gence and sensitivity.*



—Philip Gendreau

Overcoming fears in children is one of the most perplexing problems of parents and teachers as it requires the most patience and sympathy and the cause is so difficult to discover. A parent embarrassed because his child is "scared" is apt to do something quick and harsh to save his own face. In desperation

he may try shame, ridicule, punishment, derisive laughter and, of course, the denial of the existence of the fear. However, these just do not work. Fear is real—it is almost tangible to the person involved and undermines the very basis of his security. It  
(Continued on page 38.)





The Symphony Garden Theatre in tulip time



The Persian Rose Garden with four thousand roses in June

**L**OVE OF flowers and trees, music and art is deep rooted and indestructible in people of every nation. One and one-half miles east of Michigan City, Indiana (on U.S. Highway 12), in the beautiful valley of Trail Creek lies one hundred acres of natural beauty developed into one of the most extensive plantings of flowers, ornamental plants, trees and shrubbery to be found anywhere in the world.

Three brothers, Joseph, Virgil, and Clarence Stauffer were garden lovers as boys. They loved the colors and perfume of flowers, the majesty of trees and whispering of pines, the music of a running brook, the friendly songs of birds, the soft, sun-laden breezes, or the challenging, storm-ridden winds. As they reached manhood, they were trained one as an engineer, one a musician, and the other in horticulture. As boys they dreamed of having a permanent many-acre garden of flowers and trees that rich and poor could enjoy. The dream partially came true back in 1933 when they had an exhibit at the Century of Progress in Chicago called The Old Mill Garden. When it was decided to run the

*In Indiana there is a hundred-acre tract of international gardens. These gardens, free to all, and dedicated to world friendship, are the fulfillment of three brothers' dreams.*

*Here is the history of how these dreams materialized.*

# INTERNATIONAL



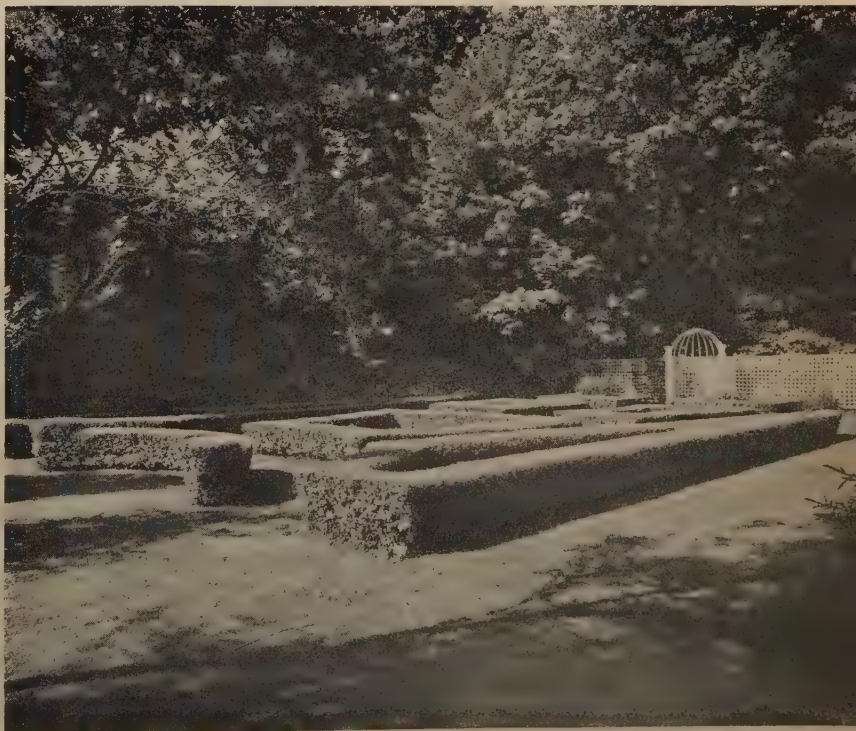
Fair another year, Joseph, the engineer and Virgil, the musician, worked early and late to fulfill a human need, to make their garden more lovely than ever. Now it was called "The Friendship Garden" and dedicated to flower lovers of all nations and to the world's prominent people who responded to the request that they name the flower best loved by them. The best loved in order were the rose, carnation, and gardenia. They wrote to kings, presidents, and outstanding world citizens everywhere. Three hundred responded and became a part of the enterprise at the Century of Progress.

Gradually in their minds, the Stauffer brothers cultivated a greater dream: Where to find a tract abundant in natural beauty, centrally situated, and easily reached by anyone. They dreamed of converting this land into a series of gardens so rare and beautiful that garden lovers would come from all over the world to find rest and peace and enjoy its beauty. After many setbacks and disappointments and ten years of searching they found the ideal one hundred-acre site, fifty-two miles east of Chicago in the green, wooded and sunlit Trail Creek Valley. Leases were obtained for two hundred years on the land, much of which had never been touched by man.

The Alaskan Building from the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition was purchased from the Government and set up in the center of the one hundred acres. The two bachelor brothers have lived here since, supervising the gradual development of the gardens. They have worked day in and day out to make their dream-garden a place



The Theatre of Nations during a memorial service for Ignace Paderewski held by American Poles.



The French Garden among whose charter members was General Petain.

By HELEN BUCKLEY

# FRIENDSHIP GARDENS





The Italian Garden. Marconi was one of the original members.

so outstanding in beauty, and so warm in friendship that in years and centuries to come it will be a memorial to international peace and friendship as well as a common center for all who love flowers and green things.

Areas were marked out for the gardens of the various nations and materials came in abundance from all over the world. Sites for national gardens are free to any country. However, much hard work and time were necessary to make it a place for public exhibition.

The work went steadily on and still goes on to plan for and respect the needs of future generations. The objective always in mind is to look after not only the spiritual welfare but to provide an atmosphere of beauty for the thousands of visitors from many lands who come to see or meditate or listen in this spot of loveliness.

Nothing has been done to change the natural beauty and charm of the site but clearings and sheltered places have been turned into spots of greater loveliness. These areas now have a collection of many types of gardens peculiar to the leading nations of the world and dedicated to international understanding, unity, and friendship. One may roam at will in these quiet gardens, thrilled at every turn by a new scene. Typical plantings from many nations lie side by side

separated only by beds of roses or hedges of Arbor Vitae. They are a study of modern and traditional horticulture and floriculture, a mecca for nature lovers from everywhere. The whole one hundred acres is a huge bird sanctuary which attracts an unnumbered variety of songbirds.

A Theatre of Nations, with a natural backdrop of weeping willows, has a stage on an island in one of the lakes with exits and entrances being a part of the landscape. The stage is separated by thirty feet of water from the natural wooden hillside amphitheater where 5000 people can be seated under the giant oaks and whispering pines. Here "Hansel and Gretel" has been presented in a setting of real woods. "Tales of Hoffman" has been given with a real gondola guided by a real gondolier.

In another part of this amazing haven is the Symphony Garden Theater, an exquisite landscaping of elevations, rows of evergreens, and huge trees that canopy the Mall, large enough to seat 1000 people by its rectangular mirror pool. As one comes through the entrance, he sees niches made for the busts of world-famous musicians. At the far end of the pool is a stage, large enough for a full 100 piece orchestra, backed by evergreens and a pipe-organ effect of Lombardy poplars.

These are only two of the charm-

ing, out-of-this world, breath-taking sights. There are water gardens, rock gardens, evergreen gardens, perennial gardens, hundreds of gardens of educational and scientific displays. There is the Willow Plaza, the broad green carpeted lawns, a garden of over fifty thousand roses—all set amid the friendly woodland noises of insects, birds, and frogs, spiced with the perfume of warm summer evenings.

This place of beauty, unlike any other in the world, has some gardens side by side, some in open spaces. The Greek Garden is formally designed in solid evergreen depicting an old Greek legend. Beside it is the formal, hedged French Garden—General Petain being one of the charter members. The Canadian Garden is enclosed with a neatly clipped green wall of Arbor Vitae. Beside it is the Polish Garden with its array of colors from spring till late fall—Jan Ignace Paderewski being the outstanding representative honored. The Italian Garden is dedicated to Marconi who gave wireless telegraphy to the world. It has a pool, reflecting white columns, its tall vases and statuary permeating an atmosphere of old Roman splendor. The gardens of Sweden, Turkey, China, England, and many other countries proudly represent their distinguished citizens. The first international participation was a carload of tulips sent from Holland. Orchids and other flowers were sent from the President of Guatemala.

The Gardens of International Friendship are open to the public the first Sunday in May with the "Tulips on Parade" followed by continuous flower display week after week, month after month. After the tulips come the peonies, iris and roses of June; lilies and phlox in July; gladioli, zinnias and hibiscus in August; dahlias in September; marigolds and chrysanthemums in October; ending with a splendor of brilliant colored autumn foliage. At night the garden paths are lighted by soft lights playing among the flowers and floodlights softly illuminating the tree-covered hillsides. So

(Continued on page 44.)



# let's have a

# PICNIC



—Devaney

What's more fun  
than a picnic? Here  
is one family's rol-  
licking answer.

By **HERALD B. MONROE**

**T**HERE ARE five fearsome syllables which send our family's dove of peace flying behind the dining room's wastepaper basket, cooing in horror. The little fellow has been with us a long time and he knows what erupts when one of us proposes, "Let's have a picnic!"

Once the fatal formula is uttered, it cannot be retracted and so the democratic process of debate begins, which makes the halls of Congress seem as silent as the catacombs of Rome. Father always opens the family parliament. He groans his case brilliantly with, "Oh, no! Not THAT!" The children imme-

diately attach the proposition put on the floor by Father by alternately shouting their rebuttals that a picnic is the grandest thing in the world next to Roy Rogers and that Father needs some fresh air. Mother's argument is a concentrated look at father which makes him wonder whether he is a civilized parent or a social throwback to aborigine savagery. Our lungs having been fully exercised by the debate, the question is called for. Mother, daughter and son vote, "Yes," but father, maintaining his constitutional right to be different to the last, defiantly votes "O.K.," which we all knew he would do anyway.



He rather enjoys a rowdy family parliamentary session.

Concerning the preparation for the picnic, very frankly our family is in a rut. Experience has long since distributed the responsibilities, which no amount of democratic planning in our case has been able to alter. Mother and the children must change to old clothes. Father, always caught in his old clothes, has the job of getting the things together in order to save time. Feeling trapped, he, however, reassures himself that this is his chance to become an admired star in the eyes of his family by showing off his organizational ability.

Methodically surrounding himself with plates, cups, potato chips, pickles, ice cubes and other items that make up the logistics of a picnic, he begins to stuff the cargo into a basket, checking each item off his mental list, so there will be no shortages. During this project sounds of vigorous debate on what should and should not be worn distracts his concentration and several check marks from his mental list fade away. So he unpacks and begins again. Our family, finding him muttering to himself, has frequently resolved to make a permanent written list with assigned responsibilities which would automatically go into a sort of "M" day action. Unfortunately we have been unable to remember to put this excellent resolution into operation. But the confusion is more fun anyway.

Loading our Ford is a tricky operation. Father parcels out the picnic supplies like a safari leader we once saw in the motion pictures. When Mother receives her burden she hurts Father's pride by quizzing him, "Did you remember the matches?"

He replies haughtily, "I never forget anything; I have been doing this sort of thing for years." Which is why Mother asked.

We trek out of our house single file and efficiently get packed into the Ford. Then Sister remembers her jacket which she needs so she will not catch cold, then stay home from school and perhaps fail. The family waits in order to avert such a tragedy. Just as the car is backed to the front walk, Mother remembers she needs handkerchiefs, which, of course, are necessities. Father begins to pontificate on the injustice of holding up the whole family because of the lack of forethought. When Mother gets settled again, then he remembers he *did* forget the matches. On his return to the car Mother purrs "What were you saying, dear?" Smothered laughter from the rear closes the ritual.

We finish backing into the street, a process started fifteen minutes ago, and get the car pointed north, when brother asks, "Where are we going, Dad?"

This is the signal to pull the car to the curb and call another family business session to order. We like our democracy in small doses strung out through the entire picnic, rather than concentrated in one long, boring session. It is easier to take that way and it prolongs the excitement of the picnic.

Father has preselected the place. Since he once

earned a Boy Scout Merit Badge in camping he sure he knows best. Therefore, with confidence he announces the place and immediately the debate on. Almost simultaneously three other places are sponsored on the floor of the family parliament for debate, which is extended, vigorous and vociferous. The neighbors enjoy these sessions as well as their favorite TV program.

Finally the issue is settled and in the process Father's proposal has suffered a parliamentary death for the want of a second. Father has been trying for five years to get his place adopted, but he is not very clever in parliamentary manipulation. Once he tried diplomacy by distracting the family's attention with a story he made up. But the plot gave out a few miles too soon when Harry the Horse rescued Robert the Rabbit and the family came from under the spell. It was a brave try and he almost made it.

Our journey is hilariously happy. We used to play games until Father, interested in finding a "q" in the old alphabet game, became engrossed in a bill board and nearly transformed all of us into angels by almost driving into the ditch. Mother, not playing, saved the day with a barked command.

So now we sing folk games, rounds, hymns, anything that anyone wants. On occasions we practice harmonizing, which is painful for Mother. When we are successful we have been known to repeat song eight times. A very interesting part of the picnic is to watch expressions of occupants of cars who sail past while blasting out "Down in the Valley" in questionable harmony.

At last, we arrive and another safari is formed. But the members evidently do not follow the same

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General Dwight D. Eisenhower, in testimony before the Committee on Armed Services of the United States Senate, February 2, 1951, made the following significant statement:

"I will tell you this about the American soldiers. When I finally got enough shipping to send home for something of that kind for our soldiers after the first landing in Africa, I conducted a Gallup poll and found that instead of beer, they wanted Coca-Cola, which was easy because you can bring over the syrup and make it there."

(The statement appears on page 1194 of the hearings: "Universal Military Training and Service Act of 1951.")

Note: This statement was in reply to a question by Senator Saltonstall: "He also buys Coca-Cola, does he not?"



map, for all arrive at a different picnic table. So another family council, but with a new twist. It is conducted by long distance shouting and Indian signs. It is remarkable how vigorously Indian signs can express one's preferences. At first, the other picnickers enjoy the laboratory demonstration of family democracy, but when they begin to look annoyed we quickly reach a decision for it is a part of our code to be good neighbors on a picnic.

Mother lays out the food, but first we must have a newspaper tablecloth. The West Wind, evidently hiding behind the maple tree, decides to turn prankster and begins to blow. Under Mother's frantic, shouted orders the family unites to defeat the intruder through the use of a bottle of ginger ale, a loaf of bread, a bag of potato chips and a bowl of salad at the four corners of the fluttering table cloth. After fifteen matches, the fire burns. The meat is cooked by Brother and Father crouching uncomfortably before the fire, thus satisfying old instincts inherited from the cave man. As the smoke is blown into Father's eyes by the vengeful West Wind, he is thankful that the cave man instincts need only an occasional airing. And with the cooking of the meat, our friends the flies appear.

As we sit down to eat it is discovered that Father forgot the salt. A quick business session decides with only one dissenting vote that he should borrow some. He has found that many new friends can be made on such a borrowing trip, providing, of course, they do not mind being disturbed.

Eating is always interesting. Wind, stray dogs, flies and a bee or two keep things stirred up. Nevertheless, Mother insists that cave man instincts be limited to cooking and at the table the ordinary good manners be observed. Aside from spilled ginger ale

on the table, picking up the catsup bottle from the ground, spilling the pickles while shooing flies away, we generally maintain a semblance of civilization in the way of manners. We like to impress our neighbors.

Now comes the clean up. Our family has a code whereby we must leave our picnic spot as clean as possible for the next person. Father's method is to roll everything up quickly in the newspaper tablecloth and put it either in the waste container or in the trunk of our car. Mother, reminding us of our manners, likes a more housewifely procedure. While father's method is faster, it does generally lose us three spoons, the can opener and a paring knife. The fire is so absolutely extinguished that brother's hand can be held on the spot. This is hard on the cleanliness of his hand, but it is easier on our forest.

Seldom do we play any formal games on our outings. In fact we feel sorry for those picnickers who have to depend on cards and the like, for they look rather out-of-place out-of-doors. We like to explore and imagine adventures, so hiking is our unanimous choice. Sometimes we play follow the leader who is generally the Lone Ranger or some other great hero; sometimes we fight imaginary Indians with so many blazing guns that even the squirrels hold their ears to shut out the battle noise; sometimes we look for new nature items; sometimes we just saunter to see what is around the next bend in the trail. Father likes to expound his nature knowledge which was drilled into him in high school biology. At such times Mother finds something unique, steals Father's audience and leaves him expounding to the chipmunks.

Going home necessitates another parliamentary session. The children again vigorously oppose the motion to adjourn but Father's aching arches override the opposition and we start home. It is our ritual to stop for cones of frozen custard which means we arrive home spotted and smeared with melted ice cream that escaped the quick flicks of our tongues. The car is unenthusiastically unloaded in the same safari tradition. Father makes the loads big this time for he knows he cannot secure any volunteers for a second trip.

And so the family sinks into their beds. As Father's muscles sag in relaxation, contentment warms him as he thinks about the past few hours.

What is the charm of a picnic? he wonders. Well . . . a comfortable sense of belonging together . . . the relaxation of being just yourself and knowing you will be loved anyway . . . the fun of being defeated in decisions by those you love . . . the absorbing interest of the many minor conflicts as an escape from the terrifying crises of the world . . . the warm contentment of loving living . . . in short, of belonging to the family . . . this is the charm of a picnic, a charm that is unsurpassable. . .

Father is asleep.

The next time the proposal is made, "Let's have a picnic" Father will again groan, "Oh, no. Not *that*!" but his inner self will wink and whisper, "Swell, let's get going!"



"Please don't be still burnt out."



**A**N UNUSUAL father gave a most unusual gift to his ten-year-old son on his birthday. It was a card with these words printed upon it. "Dear Son: I give you one hour of my time each day for the coming year. You may do what you want with these hours." Perhaps the son was perplexed at first but if he realized what those hours would mean he considered himself a lucky boy. Many a father and son were never really acquainted until the day they first went fishing together.

Fathers, busy with making a living for a growing family, often leave no time to enjoy their children. But children need their fathers. And father is missing a lot when he lets the days go by without enjoying the companionship of his children.

Just how can fathers of today get intimately acquainted with the problems of helping children grow physically, mentally, and emotionally? How can they make a significant contribution to the personality development of their offspring? How can they learn to be understanding and sympathetic and encouraging? In our family, father contributes greatly to the happiness, the companionship, and the active, strong, courageous elements in the life of two little girls.

From the time that our children are able to sit in a highchair, they have had breakfast with their father. Their piece of toast was a special "dessert" after a six o'clock feeding and a preliminary to breakfast for the toddler. After that, a seat next to father was a choice spot at the breakfast table. Our father is the kind who awakens fresh and ready to begin the day with a bang. The children respond to this enthusiasm and it puts them in a bright and cheerful mood which sets the tone for their happiness all day long.

During my vacation I spent some time with a family whose father rose each morning and gave his small son his breakfast before the others were awake. Other fathers take responsibility for helping children at the table. No wonder they become real friends.

When our children waken from their naps, they are eager for a

session with father who has just returned from his afternoon's work. Fortunately for him, as well as the children, he finds playing with the children is relaxing. Sometimes they go for a walk around the block or to the store, sometimes they play in the swings or sandbox in the back yard, and sometimes the children "help" daddy while he mows the lawn, works in the garden, or repairs a broken fence or polishes the car. Even though he may not give undivided attention to them, just stopping long enough to give the older child a push in the swing or to give the baby a squeeze makes a world of difference in their happiness. It's knowing that father thinks of them often and has time enough to stop for a minute that counts.

**I**N THE wintertime the children love to be with their father in the basement where he has a work-

bench. They are warned that they must obey rules when they are around sharp tools and hammers and saws. To them, the privilege is worth the price.

Perhaps the most important aspect of this companionship together is the fact that it opens the way for informal, natural conversation. One father, who had never been able to discover why his son hated school, learned the secret when they worked over a model airplane. It is easy for a child to slip into a touchy question or voice an opinion when the attention is not focused on him. It gives him a chance to talk about the things that interest him most when he knows that his father is not too busy to listen. In addition to personal conversation, it is a good time for instruction.

If a child is interested in his daddy's hobby—and what child isn't—he will have many questions.

# FATHER as a FAMILY MAN

By VERA CHANNEL





—Eva Luoma

*Children need their fathers. They need  
their companionship; their understand-  
ing; the intimacy that grows from close  
association. Can any father be "too busy"  
for this?*

to ask about it and related subjects. The child who knows a great deal about his father's hobby is usually the one who also knows a great deal about his father. Education which comes as a by-product of a good relationship is education which "sticks."

Trips to the dairy, the bakery, a factory, the library—are both appealing and valuable for children. Even the best laid plans, however, may go astray. Our friend had taken his small son to the fire station many times. The boy had sat in the driver's seat, worked the siren, helped to wind up the hose, and saw where the waterproof coats were kept. His father thought his education on the fire department was complete until one day the boy commented about the hose which the firemen used to "water the bushes." He hadn't quite understood that firemen were really supposed to put out fires!

On the evening that our three-year-old squealed with delight and then said, "This family has lots of fun together," we knew that we had attained a new high in family living. Evenings have traditionally been our time for family fun. When father has finished his paper and before he goes off to a meeting, the family gathers in the living room. The children are ready for a bedtime session which is a grand finale to their day. There's a short rough and tumble period followed by a story, a phonograph record, or a song. Both of us usually go upstairs to help the children in bed. The unique quality of our play has been our complete lack of "adulthood." It is not beneath us to build towers with blocks, to draw pictures, to pin a diaper on a doll. This makes the children feel that we are really doing something *with* them and not just for them.

Sunday afternoon is our time for excursions, after sharing the worship service together in the morning. Our town does not have a great deal to offer besides a beach and a generous-sized lake but our family makes the most of these. Sometimes we go to a little duck pond near our home and feed the ducks, sometimes we walk along the sandy beach, sometimes we call



on friends whom the children enjoy seeing. Picnics and swims in the lake are a regular routine. A group of friendly fans in our neighborhood organized a ball team with their children and played each Sunday afternoon on the vacant lot which they cleared for their project.

More important than the things they do together are the basic attitudes which our girls are developing from close relationship with their father. He has always been very appreciative of their new clothes, the way their hair is combed, the way their faces shine. They enjoy getting dressed up so that they can run to show Daddy how they look. They like to help with setting the table and cooking the meals for their daddy's pleasure and when cleaning day comes, they help to clean his study. When the socks are mended, father is likely to find one especially large hole sewed up with unusually long and irregular stitches but not a word of complaint does he make.

It seems to us that it is essential for the girls to learn to enjoy doing feminine things. Daddy always takes pride in them as they develop qualities attributed to women and makes a point of praising them for their accomplishments. They are learning to like being girls and to like doing the things expected of girls and women. As they grow up to have homes of their own, they will naturally fit into the accepted feminine role. Of course, this does not mean that they can't have a profession, run a business, or be career girls, but it does mean that they will be happy that they are women and will fill the position with ease and grace. Girls whose fathers have encouraged only the masculine traits often have a difficult adjustment to make as they grow up.

Sons in the family need their fathers as models of strong masculine characteristics. They need to learn from close family relationships just what is expected of boys and men in the home and in the world. They need to know from experience the advantages of being men and to look on the masculine role with favor.

*(Continued on page 44.)*

# BEATITUDES

*for a*

## FATHER

Blessed is the father who delights in his children—

Whose children gather round him on the davenport  
To hear him read the paper and a story  
Early in the evening after work,  
While their mother gets the supper in the kitchen—

Who makes Saturday a holiday anticipated  
By eager children who follow him about,  
And share with him the deeds the seasons bring—

Of shoveling the snow,  
Or mowing of the lawn,  
Or getting groceries,  
Or tinkering on the car,  
Or seeing children's movies,  
Or planning joyous family trips  
For pleasant summer weekends—

Who takes interest in the hobbies of his children,  
Arranging fish pond and turtle bowl,  
Supervising gardening experiments,  
Building things with their construction sets—

Who gives of his love and receives theirs.

Such a father makes the wheels of the home run smoothly,  
And is an inspiration to the mother of the family,  
Who can with confidence pull her share in the household team,  
Knowing full well her effort will be matched  
By the kind cooperation of her mate.

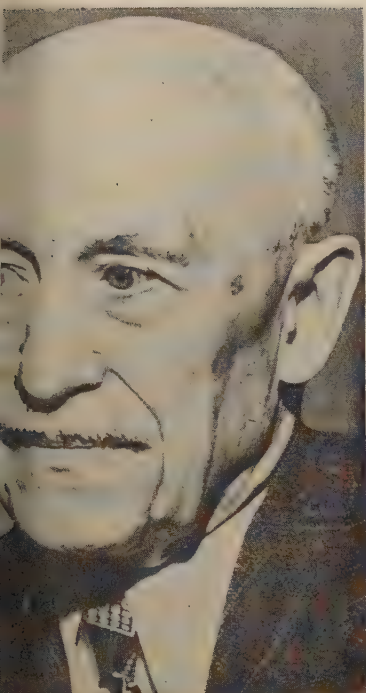
By **MARION PENDLETON**



# WILBUR and ORVILLE WRIGHT

## *birdmen*

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK



—Acme.

Above: Orville Wright

Below: Wilbur Wright



*Dayton, Ohio, still tells tales of the Wright brothers' boyhood days, and of some of their strange experiments. Here is the story of the two keen-minded, young inventors who dared to conquer the air.*

WHEN THE Wright brothers, after years of patient experiment, were successful in their effort to build an airplane that would actually fly, they were hailed everywhere as "creators of the airplane." They might have been called by learned scientists "experts in aeronautics," but those two young men were plain folk and they still liked to be called what they had always called themselves—just "birdmen." For their success was due to their studies of the flight of birds, and they loved the birds; so, just "birdmen"—that was enough of a title for them.

Most boys perhaps would not like to be brought up in the home of a church bishop; for they would think that such a home would be rather a boresome place to be night and day. Bishops are often assumed to be rather critical and insistent that everything be done just so. But the bishop who presided at the Dayton, Ohio, home of the Wrights was not of that sort. Bishop Wright, a fine scholar, thought the world of his children and took an eager interest in everything they did. Especially was he interested in the doings of his two



youngest boys, Wilbur and Orville, who were always making and flying kites or inventing machines of one sort or another.

Mother Wright, also, who had the honor of being the best mathematician in the college from which she graduated, was a boon companion of her children. She made many of their playthings; especially did they enjoy the bobsled she made with her own hands for their delight. That was a fine home to live in; and those children had to live up to its high ideals.

It was quite natural that the eager Wright brothers, who lived in a home where two thousand books had their place, should be interested in literature and in printing. So it was no surprise when they decided to publish a weekly paper. Orville, when fifteen, had started a small paper which he called the *Midget*. Later, when he was seventeen and his brother Wilbur over twenty, the two brothers decided to publish a "sure-enough" newspaper with four pages which they would print on the press they had themselves manufactured. They named the paper the *West Side News*. They wrote the articles, set the type, and ran off the edition of four hundred; and these papers they delivered every Saturday at the homes of subscribers.

After a while the boys gave up the newspaper and opened up a shop for repairing bicycles. They were always doing stunts on bicycles, and the people of Dayton, Ohio, still tell of the tandem which the brothers made out of two big wheels and fifteen feet of gas pipe. "A better sight to see than a circus," said some of the neighbors.

But the big adventure was yet to come. It began when Bishop Wright brought home a toy—a light thing of bamboo and cork which flew across the room and up to the ceiling, then fell to the floor. That set

the boys to thinking, and they began to make similar toys which they called helicopters. They also made many kites and flew them out in the open space around Dayton. Then they learned of a Frenchman named Lilienthal who had been making experiments at flights in the air and at last had been killed in one of his attempts to master the air.

Now Orville and Wilbur Wright began really to study the problem of air flight. They read many books and on Sunday afternoons would go to a hill near Dayton where they could study the flight of birds. They wondered how the birds could balance themselves against the changing currents of air. They began to make gliders for experimentation. A glider is simply a set of wings on a frame. This they would take out to a hill, mount the machine, and then let the wind carry them down the slope. The big problem faced by the boys was how to make the gliders more steady, for the air is a hard thing to manage. They argued over the matter, studied all kinds of gliders and tried to find the solution of their problem.

The year 1900 was an eventful one for the Wrights. During the open season of that year the brothers set up a camp on Kill Devil Hill in North Carolina for flight experiments. The expenses were paid out of the earnings from their bicycle repair shop. They made the best glider possible, having learned much from recent failures. During the summers of the next three years the young inventors made flights in this machine. Sometimes they almost lost heart because of the difficulties in adjusting to air currents. One time Wilbur said, "It will take a thousand years for men to fly!" But there was no final discouragement for these ambitious young men.

In 1903 came the next important step in their progress. The brothers built a machine which they fitted up with a gasoline engine, and on December 17 of that year it made its first trip through the air at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The flight was for only twelve seconds. Later, one of the young men flew more than eight hundred feet and was in the air for fifty-nine seconds. The flyers were so happy about this that they telegraphed the good news to their father in Dayton. When that machine was destroyed in an accident, the brothers went back to their father's home, and soon had a second machine ready for flying. It had a rudder and wing tips which would work almost perfectly. Longer and longer flights were made, one of them for twenty-four miles. Men could fly even as the birds!

In the year 1908 a flight was to be made which would be witnessed by all who were interested. It happened in Fort Myer in Virginia, not far from Washington. The airplane, now more or less perfected, was brought out and made ready for flying. Orville Wright stepped aboard, the weights were lifted, and the machine moved along the track fast and faster. Suddenly, it lifted and flew out over the field. As it circled about, the people below watched breathlessly. Ten minutes, twenty, over half hour passed, and still the birdman soared ahead in his victorious flight.

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## *What's Cooking?*

We men observe, in recent years,  
That girls who strive to lead careers  
Are getting multitudinous.  
What's happened to the girls, pray tell,  
Whose aim in life was to excel  
At putting tasty food in us?

By RICHARD WHEELER



## FOR A **BETTER TEMPER**

Dear Heavenly Father: Help me control this hasty temper. How can I turn it from the little household things that vex into a channel of power directed against the important concerns of life which matter to all Thy children everywhere? Daily details drain the heart of peace and poise. Children cry, an agent rings the doorbell again, water clogs in the sink. Then temper damages as wearing dust destroys a clean surface. Please show me how to forget the little grains of defeat, saving temper for use against the destructive forces of evil. For thou didst give us an example in Thy son Jesus who overcame daily obstacles and used his emotional energy in overturning tables of the money changers in the temple. May we be able to bear our separate daily crosses finding a reserve store of emotional strength coming from consecrated control of everyday temper. Amen.

By **RUTH C. IKERMAN**

Then telegrams went out over the country in all directions. The young inventors were now famous. Prominent men in Washington asked if another flight could not be made that same day in order that they might be witnesses. Another trip was made, this time for more than an hour. And there followed a third flight. Many were at last convinced that flying machines were really possible. But there were others who said: "Seeing is believing. I will never believe what they are saying."

The following year, 1909, the U. S. Government asked for a demonstration near Washington as a test of the machine's possible usefulness to the government in connection with the army. The two flyers were of course delighted, and on a bright summer morning all was in readiness for the test. People came from near and far, in automobiles and by train, for the great event. Government officers were there, and President Taft had left his important duties for the unusual sight. The older brother Wilbur looked on as Orville stepped aboard the machine with a friend. Now there must be a successful flight in the midst of this impressive gathering!

At the "birdman's" signal the machine was set free. Moving along the track with a harsh cry of the engine the plane rose high above the field, and was soon circling around like a graceful bird. It passed the point where the President was standing

with a great smile on his face. A tremendous shout went up from the crowd as time passed and the machine still sped on its way. An hour passed, then another ten minutes—a record flight. Then the great bird prepared to come to earth, and in a few minutes Orville Wright stepped out and was greeted by President Taft in the name of the United States for solving the problem of the age—can men fly?

And now, with the approval of the U. S. government, the Wright brothers were to be busier than ever. Under encouragement from the President and his important men, they started schools for flying in the United States and in other countries. They sold a machine to the government for \$30,000, and there were many demands for the products of their ingenious hands. Success of the finest kind had now come to the patient inventors who had never learned the meaning of the word "failure."

As one reads the papers today telling of the construction of more and mightier airplanes for possible use in still another war, one wonders just a little whether the invention of flying machines was after all a blessing or a curse. It is the hope of millions that the dreams of Wilbur and Orville Wright, and their final victorious realization, may not be marred by the dark dreams of other men who gloat in war and its destructiveness. However, that may be, the story of these two brothers is one that will be told for many generations to eager children.



# WHAT IS THIS?

By MRS. ROBERT NESTOR

SHERRY STARTED to school this year. She also entered the first-year primary class at the church. This was a great event in the life of Sherry! She had attained the wonderful grown-up age of six and went to school with her adored big sister and was in the same department with her at Sunday school!

There were more thrills! She was in a classroom where there were new and interesting things to do. Her teacher gave each one a lovely book to take home! It was to keep for her very own! This called for a visit to Grandma's immediately after church, so Sherry's whole family stopped with her at Grandma's house.

"Look Grandma! See what I got at church!" The blue eyes were wide with happiness and pride as the book was extended in two small eager hands.

"What is this?" asked Grandma, as she sat down in the big armchair and took the little first-grader upon her lap. "It is a story book," said Sherry, "See! It has pictures! And songs! Can you sing these songs Grandma?" They were new songs to Grandma as well as to Sherry, and she suggested that Mommie might play them on the piano when they got home and they could all learn to sing them together as they had the Christmas Carols not so long ago.

So far, Mommie and Daddy and Sandra had been only interested listeners and now Mommie said, "I am so glad the church gives us the 'Message to Parents.' It helps us so much in knowing how to appreciate the things the children bring home. It will help us to know how to use this story book to the best advantage also. The book contains actually the same thing that they have in Sunday school and will be in daily use I am sure!"

Sandra, the older sister who was in the third grade, sat holding a paper in her hand and had volunteered nothing so far. Her whole attitude showed a feeling of "left-outness" which Grandma was quick to notice.

"What do you have Sandra? Did you make some-



thing at church this morning?" And Sandra came shyly forward in answer to Grandma's smile and outstretched hand. "Oh how lovely!" she said as the drawing was held up to view. "That is a big word you have there. Can you tell me about it?"

"Yes, it's a new word. We learned it today. It is 'Tabernacle.' That's a picture of it and I printed the word myself. We are making a 'Word Book' and coloring all the pictures. When I got through with my page I drew this to bring home."

"I like it," said Grandma. "It tells me a story from the Bible about Moses."

"Oh yes!" cried Sandra in pleased surprise. "That's the story the teacher told! We thanked God for our church too."

Just then Daddy arose to his tall height and announced it was time to go home. "Sorry girls," he said, "but this evening, before you go to bed, we will read a story from Sherry's book and hear your story, Sandy, about Moses and the Tabernacle, and see if we can find it in the Bible."

"'Bye, Grandma!" chorused the two little girls. "Sorry Granddaddy was sick so you couldn't go to church this morning!" And as Grandmother watched her children drive away she whispered, "God bless the church and its leaders who care for the children. And, O Father, bless the parents who recognize, and



What is this your child brings  
proudly home from church  
school? Not only his work but an  
opportunity for you to teach both  
religion in the home and respect  
and regard for the church.

make use of the opportunities to nurture them in love and appreciation of the church and its teaching!

The things the children bring home from church school are all excellent opportunities to the parents — not only for teaching religion in the home but for instilling into the minds and hearts of the children respect and a deep regard for the church. The attitudes of parents and older members of the family, including brothers and sisters, can also do untold harm to a child in his feelings toward the church, his own sense of worth, and his desire to participate in any of the church activities.

Church leaders have long since recognized that children learn through experience in the church as well as elsewhere, and in so far as possible, are endeavoring to keep up with the public school in better methods and ways of teaching. No longer are children expected to sit on benches or stiff backed chairs too large for them and to memorize long passages of Scripture without understanding or practical application. No longer do teachers attempt to pour knowledge of the Bible into listening ears as they would pour water into jugs.

Oh yes, the children learn Scripture! But with what a difference! They learn the parts of the Bible which they can understand and apply to their own lives and experiences. They memorize by making use of the passage of Scripture in class or worship service, or through other activities done with their hands, such as drawing, poster making, building with blocks or making model Palestinian homes and vil-

*(Continued on page 41.)*

Church school periods are used creatively as instructors keep abreast of modern educators in better teaching methods.

—Picture by Walter Hering





## God Is Love

God is love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove,  
From the mist His brightness streameth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

—JOHN BOWRING

## Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ

Draw Thou my soul, O Christ,  
Closer to Thine;  
Breathe into every wish  
Thy will divine!  
Raise my low self above,  
Won by Thy deathless love;  
Ever, O Christ, through mine  
Let Thy life shine.

Lead forth my soul, O Christ,  
One with Thine own,  
Joyful to follow Thee  
Through path unknown!  
In Thee my strength renew;  
Give me the soul to do!  
Through me Thy truth be shown,  
Thy love made known.

Not for myself alone  
May my prayer be;  
Lift Thou Thy world, O Christ,  
Closer to Thee!  
Cleanse it from guilt and wrong;  
Teach it salvation's song,  
Till earth, as heaven, fulfill  
God's holy will.

—LUCY LARCOM

<sup>1</sup>From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William A. Clough. Copyright 1949 by Pierce and Smith. By permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press.

## WORSHIP IN THE



*with You*

## Prayer

Dear God, sometimes we wish we could see with our eyes and touch thee with our hands; look up into thy face and speak our thanks. Our own spirits, hidden also from sight, reach to thy Spirit and we know thou art near. Then we feel thy nearness as we thank thee for all thy gifts. Amen.<sup>1</sup>

Worship of God should permeate all of our lives; it should not be limited to certain times or places but should be a constant source of strength and joy throughout all the activities of every day. We must be sure of God's nearness and draw near to his presence if they want their children to have this assurance and deep reality. Such assurance gives one an inner peace, stability, and power that can come in no other way.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for the Lord, even the Lord, is an everlastingly strong rock.

—Isaiah 26

Thou art nigh, O Lord;  
And all thy commandments are truth.

—Psalm 119:148

God is near in the daytime when light makes everything easy to see, and when the duties of the day keep one busy and occupied.

Hearken unto my voice, and I will be obedient to God, and ye shall be my people; and walk in all the way that I command you, that ye may be well with you.

—Jeremiah 7:23

God is near at night when darkness hides our fears and fears easily beset one.

In peace will I both lay me down and sleep. For thou, Lord, alone makest me dwell in safety.

—Psalm 4:8



# Children



## Prayer

Dear Lord, may our gratitude grow greater as we realize more and more the greatness of thy blessings. As we thank thee for food and the material things about us, may we know a deeper thanksgiving for the gift of thine infinite Spirit to strengthen and guide us. Use us as thy helpers to bless our fellow men. Amen.<sup>1</sup>

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

—Psalm 139:12.

God gives strength in times of temptation to one who will seek it.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.  
Behold, he that keepeth Israel  
Will neither slumber nor sleep.

—Psalm 121:3-4.

No temptation has overtaken you that is not common to man. God is faithful, and he will not let you be tempted beyond your strength, but with the temptation will also provide the way of escape, that you will be able to endure

—1 Corinthians 10:13.

God gives guidance to those who earnestly and honestly seek it.

For the Lord giveth wisdom;  
He layeth up sound wisdom for the upright;  
He is a shield to them that walk in his integrity;  
That he may guard the paths of justice,  
And preserve the way of his saints.

—Proverbs 2:6, 7-8.

God's presence is constant and sure to those who desire it.

For this God is our God forever and ever:  
He will be our guide even unto death.

—Psalm 48:14.

## Overtones

Over the ground is a mat of green,  
Over the green the dew;  
Over the dew are the arching trees;  
Over the trees the blue.  
Dotting the blue are the scudding clouds;  
Over the clouds the sun;  
Over the sun is the love of God,  
Brooding us ev'ry one.<sup>2</sup>

—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

## Evening Prayer

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night;  
May thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us;  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

And when morn again shall call us  
To run life's way,  
May we still, whate'er befall us,  
Thy will obey.  
From the power of evil hide us,  
In the narrow pathway guide us,  
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us  
The livelong day.

—REGINALD HEBER

## The Lord Be With Us as Each Day

The Lord be with us as each day  
His blessings we receive;  
His gift of peace on all we pray,  
Before His courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought or friendly talk,  
Our hearts be near to God.

The Lord be with us till the night  
Enfold our day of rest;  
Be He of every heart the Light,  
Of every home the Guest.

The Lord be with us thro' the hours  
Of slumber calm and deep,  
Protect our homes, renew our pow'rs  
And guard His people's sleep.

—JOHN ALLERTON

<sup>2</sup>From *Songs of Sixpence* by Abbie Farwell Brown. By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company. Copyrighted.



# when FRISKY ran away



*They put Frisky's plate on the ground  
and he took a few bites.*

**D**ADDY, MOTHER, George, Marie, and baby Jon were going to Grandmother's house. Mother washed and ironed their clothes. She packed them into shiny new suitcases. She fixed Jon's milk and packed his bottles in a box.

Daddy washed the car. He polished it until George and Marie could see themselves in its doors.

Daddy carried out the suitcases and put them in the car.

He carried out baby Jon's basket and put it in the car.

Mother carried out the box of bottles and put them in the car.

She carried out baby Jon and put him in his basket.

Daddy got in the car.

Mother got in the car.

George and Marie got in the car.

Frisky, the dog, got in the car.

Away they went down the road toward Grandmother's house.

After a while they stopped to eat supper. They left Frisky in the car. When they came back they had supper for him. They put his plate on the ground. He took

a few bites, then he ran away. He didn't come back.

Daddy went to look for Frisky.

George and Marie went to look for Frisky. Mother stayed in the car to take care of baby Jon. They looked, and looked, and looked, but they could not find Frisky.

Not far away was a house. Daddy knocked on the door. "Please, we have lost our dog," he said to the lady who lived there. "Have you seen a little lost dog? His name is Frisky."

"I haven't seen any little lost dog but if one comes here I will keep him until you come back this way," she said.

They got in their car and went on to Grandmother's house. Grandmother was glad to see them. She had ice cream for them to eat. Every day the children put on their sun suits and Grandfather turned the hose on them. They had fun. Then it was time to go home.

Daddy got in the car.

Mother got in the car with baby Jon.

George got in the car.

Marie got in the car.

They said, "Good-by, Grandmother! Good-by, Grandfather! We had a lovely time. Come to see us."

Then they drove away. They drove down the road until they came to the place where Frisky had run away. They stopped at the house.

Daddy knocked at the door. "Have you seen our little lost dog?" he asked the lady who came to the door.

"Yes, I have," she answered. "and here he is."

"Thank you very much," Daddy said.

He picked up Frisky and carried him to the car. As the car went along toward home Frisky barked and George and Marie talked. I don't know which of them was the happiest.

*A Story by*

**DORIS CLORE DEMAREH**

HEARTHSTON



# the PARACHUTE

Poor Cousin Tom  
is all up-in-the-air.  
Will he get down  
again to his friends  
on the ground?  
Thank goodness he  
has his See-A-Long-  
Way glasses with  
him!



LET'S SEE, we left Cousin Tom, the bachelor cat, up so high in the air that his friends in the new playground could not see him. The last they saw of the cat cousin he was sailing up on the newspaper seat from the swing with the two swing ropes flying out behind.

To tell the truth, and we must always tell the truth, Cousin Tom was not so high after all. The reason nobody could see him was that a little white cloud had floated between him and the ground. How lucky this was, too, because the bachelor stopped going up and began to come down just at that very minute. If it had not been for

the cloud, what a terrible bump he would have had! As it was he landed gently on the cloud and it felt just as soft as a nice fat feather pillow.

Well, Cousin Tom shook his head once, then he shook it again, and then he shook it once more. By that time he felt like himself again. "Where am I?" he asked.

Nobody answered. After all, a cloud can't talk, and he was too far away from his friends for them to hear him.

The old bachelor cat took his See-a-Long-Way glasses from his coat pocket. He always carried these See-a-Long Way glasses be-

cause he never knew when he might need them. First he looked down at the playground. There he saw Mrs. Poodle, standing on her hind legs looking up.

"Patience, Patience," shouted Cousin Tom. But the Poodle woman did not hear him. You see because his glasses made his little friend look so close he thought he *was* close.

Then Cousin Tom began to look around the sky with his See-a-Long-Way glasses. At first he saw nothing. Finally, after about three-thirtieths of a minute he saw something. It was a bird of some kind. At last he could see who it was—Eddie Eagle. He called, "Eddie, O Eddie Eagle, it's Cousin Tom over here on this cloud! Come on over!"

And Eddie Eagle did come over. He folded his big wings and stood on the cloud with the bachelor cat. My, did Eddie Eagle rub his eyes!

"Is it really Cousin Tom? Can cats fly now? My O my, what is the world coming to?" asked Eddie.

"Of course I can't fly, Eddie," answered Cousin Tom.

"But-but-but, you're up here, aren't you? You didn't walk up here, did you? Now don't fool me, Cousin Tom."

Then the old cat fellow told him about the swing, and how it broke. And he showed him the newspaper and the ropes.

"Do you have time to take me back to my friends?" asked Cousin Tom.

"I am very sorry," answered Eddie, "but I am taking the Air Mail today, and I am late now. But I can do something. I'll send Blinky Owl up here and he will tell you what to do. He doesn't like to fly so high, but he will for a friend like you."

Cousin Tom was happy when he heard this, because Blinky Owl was so wise that he knew almost everything. He began to watch for Blinky through his See-a-Long-Way glasses, and it wasn't long until the old bird fellow came.

As soon as Blinky had made himself comfortable on the cloud he said, "How do you do, Cousin Tom. Nice home you have here. But what do you do when you

*A Story by*  
**GLENN H. ASQUITH**



want to take a walk? Can cats fly now?"

"That is just what Eddie Eagle asked," answered Cousin Tom. And then he told Blinky the story of the swing, and showed Blinky the newspaper and the ropes.

"Bad, bad," said Blinky. "Have you thought of spending the rest of your life up here?"

"Oh, no, no. I couldn't do that," said Cousin Tom. "I must get down somehow. Please, Blinky, think of some way to help me!"

Blinky closed his big eyes and rocked back and forth on his toes, and thought and thought. Then he began to talk to himself. "Here is poor Cousin Tom away up here. Cousin Tom has no wings. No balloon. No airship. No diving board—wait! Cousin Tom, I have it!"

"Oh, good!" said Cousin Tom. "Quick, tell me!"

"I'll go down to the playground and have the animal folks get a great big tub of water ready down there. Then you can jump into the tub, and it won't hurt you—much."

"Blinky, I thank you for thinking so hard, but I can't do that. My father told me never to get my feet wet," and Cousin Tom felt so bad that he almost cried.

"Bad, bad," said Blinky. "Let me think again."

The owl fellow closed his eyes again, and rocked back and forth on his toes, and began to talk to himself. "Poor bachelor cousin cat still up here. No wings, no balloon, no airship, no diving board, no parachute—wait! Cousin Tom, I know I have it this time—a parachute!"

"What's a parachute?" asked Tom.

"A parachute is a great big umbrella with ropes tied to it, and no handle. You take hold of the ropes and float slowly down."

"You mean, like the milkweed seeds?" asked Cousin Tom.

"Almost like that. Now you will have to make yourself a parachute," said Blinky. And he looked very proud of himself.

"But I have no umbrella," said the bachelor cat.

"Bad, bad," said Blinky.

"All I have up here with me is

the

## BIRTHDAY PARTY

"Sally," said Mother, "in a few days you will be four years old. Would you like to have a birthday party?"

"Oh, yes, Mother! Let's have a party!" Sally said joyfully.

"All right," said Mother. "We will have to plan for everything so our guests will have a good time."

"I want them to bring me presents," Sally said.

"Birthday parties are to show how big you are, and not just for presents," Mother answered.

"But I *want* presents," Sally pouted.

"You want your guests to have a good time, don't you?" questioned Mother.

"Yes—but—I want—"

"Helping guests have a good time is a good way to show how big you are," Mother said. "What do you think we can do to help them have a good time?"

"We can have cake," said Sally.

"And ice cream?" Mother asked.

"Yes, ice cream," Sally repeated her mother's words.

"And what else?" said Mother.

"We can play in our yard with the sand pile and the slide," Sally said.

"And anything else?" Mother asked again.

"Presents," Sally insisted.

"Sally," Mother said as she too Sally on her lap, "suppose you went to Jane's party and she got a lot of presents and you did not have any. Would you have a good time?"

Sally shook her head.

"But suppose that when Jane got a lot of presents, she gave everyone else presents. Would you have a good time then?"

"Oh, yes, Mother," Sally said.

"Then why don't we give each child at your party a present?" Mother continued. "You can choose the presents, and we will wrap them in pretty paper and tie them with ribbon. Don't you think that would make everyone happy?"

"Yes, I do, Mother. When can we start?"

"Just as soon as we get our purses," Mother said. And that is just what they did.

Buying the presents was fun.

Wrapping them in pretty paper and tying them with ribbon was fun.

But the most fun of all was giving them to the children at the birthday party.

And all the children had such good time!

By JESSIE B. CARLSON

this newspaper and two ropes," said Tom.

"Just the thing," said Blinky, "I am good at thinking, and you are good at making. Make yourself a parachute out of what you have. Good by, Cousin Tom."

"Wait, wait," cried the cat cousin, but seeing that Blinky Owl

was almost out of sight he yelled "Thank you for thinking, Blinky!"

The sun was beginning to go low, and Tom knew he must go down before dark. He took the newspaper and spread it out and tied the ropes to the corners. Then he tied a rope under each of his arms and walked to the edge



the cloud. He put one foot out and drew it back just as you and I do in cold water. Then he put the other foot out and drew it back. He might have been up there doing that until this day except that the cloud moved and Cousin Tom went tumbling off!

But it was a good parachute, and soon the bachelor cat was sailing down gaily. It was so much

fun that Tom's purring machine started, and he purred so loud that he shook the parachute.

With the See-a-Long-Way glasses, Cousin Tom could spy all the folks on the playground pointing up and running here and there. Especially Patience Poodle.

Little by little, Tom's dangling feet came near the ground, and at

last they touched. Oh, how happy he was, and how happy his friends were. And the little bear brothers were so glad that he was safe. They thought they had pushed too hard, you see. Now don't go trying to make yourselves a parachute, because Cousin Tom can do a lot of things that we can't do. You just stay safe on the ground and you won't get into trouble.

Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

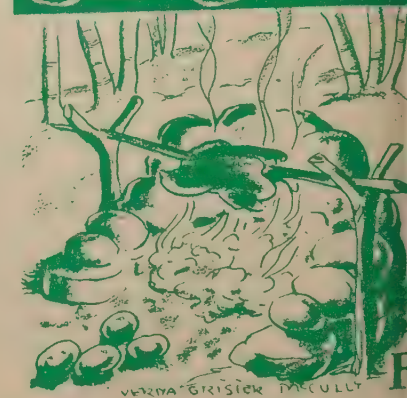
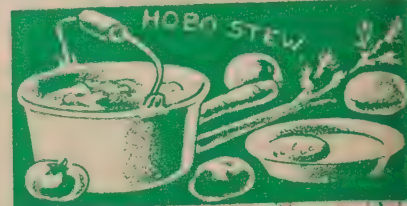
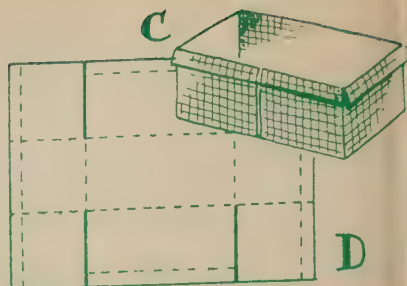
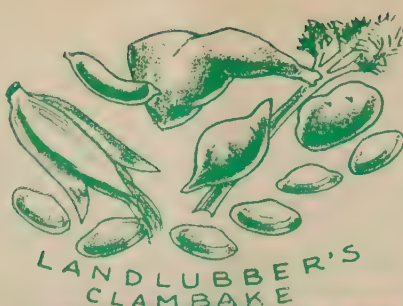
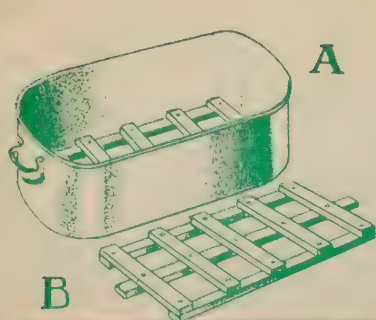
- A. A low stool for the feet ----- 34 2 8 25 7 35 10 33 9
- B. The repetition of a sound caused by sound waves ----- 128 111 124 106
- C. To make a selection -- 48 112 87 91 126 96
- D. The school next above the elementary school 26 4 6 36 1 16 42 12 44 23
- E. A bird of prey; also to peddle goods about 127 117 108 28
- F. A young deer ----- 55 129 58 123
- G. The ship that carries the commander of the fleet ----- 43 68 74 81 60 82 47 119
- H. Moist, damp, and warm ----- 116 120 107 122 118
- I. Hurried; made haste 77 97 51 93 73 65 50 61
- J. Trembled, or quivered 101 109 114 94 3
- K. The Book of the Bible that describes the flight of the Israelites from Egypt ----- 37 15 89 115 80 78
- L. A raw, inexperienced person ----- 31 40 14 38 5 49 62 45 13
- M. Uttered a loud, mournful cry, as dogs

|     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 1   | 2   |     | 3   | 4   | 5   | 6   |     | 7   | 8   | 9   | 10  | 11  |
| 12  | 13  |     | 14  | 15  | 16  | 17  | 18  | 19  | 20  | 21  |     | 22  |
| 23  | 24  |     | 25  | 26  | 27  |     | 28  | 29  | 30  | 31  | 32  |     |
| 33  | 34  |     | 35  | 36  | 37  |     | 38  | 39  | 40  | 41  | 42  |     |
| 43  | 44  | 45  |     | 46  | 47  | 48  | 49  | 50  | 51  |     | 52  | 53  |
| 54  |     | 55  | 56  | 57  |     | 58  | 59  | 60  | 61  | 62  | 63  |     |
| 64  | 65  | 66  |     | 67  | 68  | 69  |     | 70  | 71  | 72  |     | 73  |
| 74  | 75  | 76  | 77  |     | 78  | 79  | 80  | 81  | 82  | 83  |     | 84  |
| 85  |     | 86  | 87  | 88  | 89  | 90  | 91  | 92  |     | 93  | 94  |     |
| 95  | 96  | 97  | 98  |     | 99  | 100 | 101 |     | 102 | 103 | 104 | 105 |
| 106 | 107 |     | 108 | 109 | 110 | 111 | 112 |     | 113 | 114 | 115 |     |
| 116 | 117 | 118 |     | 119 | 120 | 121 |     | 122 | 123 |     | 124 | 125 |
| 126 |     | 127 | 128 | 129 | 130 | 131 |     |     |     |     |     |     |

(Solution on page 47.)

- N. The utmost extent or boundary ----- 69 59 11 29 70
- O. The tide at high water 71 100 113 99 76 110 21 20
- P. The image or thought that occurs during sleep ----- 105 57 27 67 63
- Q. A shore, especially of the ocean or a sea -- 104 83 75 52 30 19
- R. To commence, or begin ----- 86 121 39 130 84
- S. A compartment in a house or building -- 98 79 85 90
- T. The face of a watch or a clock ----- 54 125 64 24
- U. A soft metal, used for making cans, pans, etc ----- 131 103 92
- V. Closest ----- 53 17 22 46 18 32 41





## those outdoor

**I**F YOU are a hardy soul, you may enjoy cooking outdoors even in winter or early spring. But practically everybody, young and old, enjoys food *al fresco* in the summer and autumn. So you can't go wrong in planning a young people's, or neighborhood, or family festivity out of doors. Whatever the menu, provide enough, because outdoor appetites are fabulous. And plan the timetable generously, since outdoor cooking usually takes longer than the domestic kind.

By ELEANOR HEAD

Your feast can be in the country or a park, on a farm or in someone's yard. It may utilize an elaborate picnic fireplace, or a simple informal rock fireplace (figure E) or a primitive one of loose stones (figure F).<sup>\*</sup> For anything more than hot dogs and kabobs, a grate of some kind is advisable. Those from a gas-stove oven may be suitable. Or you can buy a bigger one at a hardware store.

<sup>\*</sup>The Forest Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture, has an excellent book, *Camp Stoves and Fireplaces*, obtainable from Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., for 50 cents.

If you do not know how to build a good fire, borrow little brother's Scout Manual. And be sure the fire is not under a tree, but reasonably near a wood supply. Now let's consider the food.

If it's hot dogs you like, try a variation. Split each wiener, fill with mashed or fried potatoes, push together with toothpicks, then on a long green stick sharpened to a point, broil over a fire that has subsided to hot coals. This is the ideal broiling fuel for all outdoor food. A word about green sticks. Taste them first, to make sure the wood is not bitter. For further variation, split a wiener, fill with sauerkraut, wrap with bacon strips, pin with toothpicks, then broil.



*Here are mouth-watering cooking suggestions*

*for your next outing. Try a clambake, a fish fry, or*

*serve kabobs; they are all surprisingly easy. Why*

*not consider one of these outdoor meals for your*

*next church supper? or a neighborhood picnic?*

# APPETITES

alternate wiener with slices of American cheese, then grill. Delicious in a bun!

Kabobs can be adapted to any taste, and are easily broiled over a hot-coal fire. They can be cooked on green sticks or individual metal skewers. Shish kabob, the daddy of all, is generally composed of lamb, onion and sometimes, tomato. Any cheaper cut of lamb will do. Cut meat into chunks, one to one and one-half inches. Slice small onions and cut tomatoes into quarters or eighths. Impale a chunk of lamb, salted, a slice of onion, a piece of tomato, then repeat until there are three pieces of meat. Broil, turning constantly. If meat

is lean, dip first in melted fat, suet, butter or margarine.

Another lamb kabob has fresh mushrooms and a strip of bacon, alternated with chunks of meat. Beef, cut in pieces, combines well with onion and stuffed olives, or pickle. Or broil squares of cubed steak with onion and mushrooms or tomato. Or broil fresh or canned shrimp with onion, bacon and pieces of green pepper. This should be turned so melting bacon drenches shrimp. Another good combination is sausage cut in two-inch lengths, alternating with slices of apple. Cook thoroughly. With kabobs, eat potatoes baked in the coals (about an hour), or

sweet corn roasted on a grate (ten minutes). Remove outside husks, but leave inside ones. Turn frequently.

Why not give a fish fry? Fish can be fresh or salt-water, fillet or whole. Prepare by cutting into portion-sized pieces, wash, salt, dip in mixed corn meal and wheat flour (equal parts), and fry in bacon drippings, butter or margarine. If the group is large, use several frying pans. Fish should be served hot, with coleslaw and rolls or corn bread.

To feed a large or small group, hobo stew is practical. Your favorite stew recipe can be multiplied to fill the hungry mouths, or this easy-to-remember recipe used. One pound of lamb or beef cut into small pieces, 6 medium-sized onions cut in halves, 6 medium-large carrots, 6 fresh tomatoes (or one large can), 6 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and halved, 6 stalks of celery with leaves. Salt to taste, add two bay leaves and if desired, one-quarter teaspoon of marjoram. Boil in water that more than covers ingredients. One half-hour later add one cup each of fresh or frozen peas and lima beans. Dried peas or lentils may be substituted, but must be soaked in water overnight. Cook another half hour, adding water if necessary. Thicken liquid by stirring a heaping teaspoon of flour with a cup of cooled liquid, then add to stew. Serves four to six.

For a real bang-up affair, give a landlubbers' clambake. This can be done inland as well as at the seashore. It is adaptable to all groups from small up to a hundred or more, once facilities are acquired. A clambake is an interesting change from the conventional church or club supper. Except for the chicken, preparation of food is simple, and since everything is cooked together, the undertaking is surprisingly easy even for a large crowd. But experiment first with a small group.

Menu for each person consists of a quarter or half of a chicken, a sausage, an ear of sweet corn, one white and one sweet potato in jackets, one stalk of celery with leaves (for seasoning) and a mini-

*(Continued on page 44.)*



*A Story by*

**PAULINE PALMER MEER**

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL M. SWISHER



Danny sat before the open cabinet door.  
The front of his blue rompers was  
strangely white in streaks, and the  
room reeked of laundry bleach



# Lovely Week End

SARA SIGHED wearily as she folded her unfinished blouse and picked up scraps. She had wanted the blouse to wear while Cathy was here. It shouldn't have taken so long to finish it, either, except that everything went wrong. She had ripped the collar off four times and still it wouldn't lie flat. Maybe she should have bought that one in the store window, after all, though she could make one like it for a third of the price—if only she'd had more time!

It had been a dreadful day. In the first place, she got up very unwillingly—with a headache. The baby had wakened her three different times during the night, although he was perfectly well and she could find no reason for his restlessness.

"Can't you get that kid quiet?" Bill had demanded from his warm, cozy bed, as Sara tried vainly to rock Danny back to sleep. "I need to rest!"

"He needs to rest!" Sara thought resentfully as she went to get Danny a bottle of milk. Danny was nearly a year old and hadn't had milk in the night for months; but he grabbed it eagerly and settled down to sleep angelically the rest of the night.

Sara had been sleeping angelically, too, when the alarm sounded and Bill rolled out. She was vaguely aware of his whistling as he shaved, and of Danny beginning his usual chant and jabber. He was always maddeningly cheerful in the early morning; he pulled himself up at the side of his crib and inquired, "Ma-Ma?"

"Are you coming, dear?" Bill's voice roused her. Some men get their own breakfast, and even seem to enjoy doing it. Not Bill. Not

that it made any difference, for when Danny was awake Sara's sleep was over. She picked him up gingerly—"Danny, Danny, how can you be so wet?"—and looked distastefully at his bedding. It would have to be washed, and her morning's schedule was already full.

She must go over the house thoroughly and make up the guest bed, for Cathy was coming for the week end; and Cathy was always so fastidious. She must get the salad and dessert started for the evening meal, so she'd be free to chat when Cathy arrived—and, oh, yes, start those rolls Bill liked so well. She wanted to finish making a blouse; and she'd have to shampoo her hair and manicure her nails. Cathy always looked so well groomed. Cathy was a schoolteacher.

"What's the matter with me?" Sara chided herself for these gloomy thoughts at the dishpan. "You'd think Cathy were an ogre, the way I'm fussing over getting ready for her; and she's really just the sweetest friend I have." She had known Cathy always, and during the year when they had taught in the same school building they had grown especially close. Cathy was a dear, and Sara had been really looking forward to this week end with her.

But all the same she wanted Cathy to see her at her best, and it seemed pretty hard this morning to achieve her best. Danny simply refused to cooperate. He was usually happy for long periods in his play pen, but this morning he sensed his mother's tension and preoccupation and was dissatisfied if she even stepped out of his sight. He howled lustily all the time she

ran the vacuum cleaner, and to calm him down she had to take him out of the play pen and let him lead her around the house. Nothing pleased him more than to stagger about on his own feet, needing only the support of Sara's one finger. He'd soon be walking.

The phone rang and she set him down on the floor as she answered. It was a neighbor wanting a recipe. While they chatted, the baby, giggling with delight at his freedom, scooted off on all fours in the direction of the kitchen. The conversation grew long, and Sara uneasily craned her neck to try to see Danny around the corner. When at last she could leave the phone, she paused in the doorway with terrible dismay.

Danny sat before the sink. He jabbered a happy greeting, pointing at random toward the open cabinet door. But the front of Danny's blue rompers was strangely white in streaks, and the room reeked of laundry bleach.

Sara grabbed him up and ran for the bathroom, knowing with a sinking heart what had happened. He had found the bottle of laundry bleach away back under the sink and had managed to unscrew the lid. He loved to put lids on and off! And the poisonous stuff was all over him.

Frantically she splashed water over his hands, face, and mouth. The child was screaming angrily—that was reassuring, for Sara recognized the sound that merely meant he hated to be washed. A moment assured her that no damage was done to Danny. "Thank you, thank you, God," she murmured breathlessly as she stripped off the ruined rompers.

Wrapped in a towel and feeling



abused, Danny sat safely in the high chair while Sara tightly screwed the top on the bottle, put it in the highest and unhandiest place she could find in the cabinet, and mopped up the mess. She was still trembling with relief as she put fresh clothes on the baby.

Usually Sara had a chance to rest during Danny's afternoon nap; today she really needed it, but instead she tried to finish the blouse. And now she was giving up on it. Cathy would soon be coming. Before Danny awakened, Sara must bathe and comb out her hair. And now she noticed, although she had polished windows the day before, that there were fresh smudges where Danny had stood to look out; and here was a streak along the white woodwork where his grubby hands supported an unsteady trip along the wall.

**B**UT BY THE time Cathy drove up, Sara glanced around the house with satisfaction. Everything was the way she wanted it. Danny, scrubbed and cherubic, sat in his play pen, a graham cracker in each hand. Sara was really pleased to greet her friend, and Cathy sank into a big chair as if she were glad to be there.

"That darling baby!" she exclaimed as Danny pulled himself to his feet, stretching out his hand with an engaging grin to offer her a bite of cracker. "Really, Sara, you've got the sweetest house. It's so peaceful here! It must be wonderful to be able to arrange everything the way you want it."

"What?" Sara stared at her in astonishment, remembering her grim hours of preparation.

But Cathy didn't seem to notice; she rushed on as if she were needing an outlet. "Honestly, I've had the most wearing day! I had to

keep Sammy Williams after school; he's the most trying child! He's cute as can be, and I know he really likes me; and yet he does everything he can to annoy me. Last night, Sara, he was a little demon at the P.T.A. meeting. I had tried so hard to get a social studies exhibit ready, and except for that child it really went off very well. But do you think the superintendent was satisfied with it? It's just impossible to please that man—oh, you remember how he is. Nobody knew how much extra time I had put into that thing—and nobody seemed to appreciate it at all. I lay awake until past one o'clock, stewing about it. I'm exhausted. And next week we're giving exams. I've got so much to do I really had no business coming at all, but I do so need to get away from it for a while!"

Sara burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Cathy asked with an air of grievance. "Have you forgotten how tiresome it gets?"

"Yes, I must have forgotten," Sara laughed. "I forgot that there were times when I used to feel overworked and frustrated and unappreciated, even when I taught school! I was feeling that housewives were the only ones to have troubles. You see, Cathy, I had a bad day, myself."

"What went wrong for you?"

Sara grasped the thing Cathy would understand best. "I was trying to make a blouse and it wouldn't come out right. You have a flair for clothes, Cathy, won't you tell me what's wrong?"

So Cathy sat in a kitchen chair, basting happily, while Sara got dinner started. It was a very satisfactory meal.

"Have another roll, Cathy," Bill

insisted. "Aren't these good? Sara makes them especially for me. I really picked me a good cook."

"Everybody is good." Cathy sounded sincere. "I don't see how she does it."

Sara felt a sudden glow of deep satisfaction. "It's fun," she said—and in that minute she had no doubt at all that housekeeping really is fun.

"It was a perfectly lovely week end," Cathy assured Sara as she left. "The best visit we've had in ages, and I feel so rested!"

"I had a lovely time myself," Sara told her. "I wish you'd come oftener, Cathy!"

Danny waved a vigorous bye-bye from Sara's arms as the three of them stood in the doorway watching the car pull away. Then, in one of his rare affectionate moments, Danny hugged Sara's shoulders hard, pressing a wet, smackless kiss on her cheek.

"Hey there, kid," Bill told him mildly, slipping an arm around them, "that's my girl you're kissing."

Impartially Sara bestowed a kiss on each of them, and turned back to the living room where everything was arranged the way she wanted it. "Poor Cathy!" she said, "she doesn't know what she's missing." But Cathy's thoughts might have surprised her.

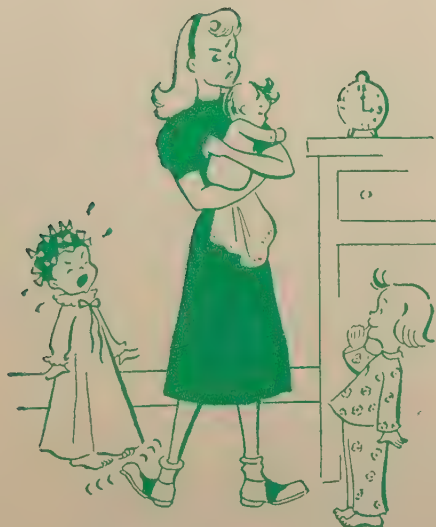
"Poor Sara!" Cathy was thinking as her car gained speed, "she really is tied down. She's getting too heavy. But she did look sweet at church this morning; she could have modeled as a madonna with Danny asleep on her lap. The new blouse was just right, although she had a white streak on her skirt where Danny's shoe polish rubbed off. I must admit she seems happy. Of course, Bill is a good guy, even if he isn't exactly the Galahad type. And Danny is a darling—if he just weren't so sticky! I never have a baby, I bet I won't let him get both hands in his food and then rub it in his hair. I did enjoy the week end—but, boy, I'll be glad to get back to school. . . I wonder if Sammy Williams—the lovable little scamp!—might respond if I gave him more responsibility. . . ."

**A cynic is a man who knows the price of every-  
thing and the value of nothing.**

**Oscar Wilde**



*Are you an older brother or sister? Do  
you sometimes suffer from the seem-  
ingly fiendish nature of said younger  
set? Then this is for you!*



By DOROTHEA CORNWELL

Do you realize that you may well be a hero or heroine to at least one member of the family?

This admirer is the same small guy or girl who insists upon looking at Gene Autry or Hopalong Cassidy—kid's stuff—on the television set at the very moment that your favorite program comes on. He or she is the same annoying responsibility wished upon you on your parents' evening out. They comprise the same small fry who insist upon smirking and making embarrassing remarks at the wrong time. Let's take a typical example—if any example can be typical of the fiendish plots to come out of the minds of younger brothers and sisters.

Let's say you're walking your current heart interest home from school. She's looking especially bright-eyed at you this day; she's impressed with your making the football team; she's pointed out the fact that your new sports jacket brings out the color of your eyes. You've both been discussing a teacher about whom you've felt something less than neutral for a long time. Turns out that many of the opinions you've believed were peculiar to your own pointed little head are also held by her. That's a good feeling. One pleasant discovery leads to another, and the final discovery, that she has an amazing knowledge of basketball—considering the fact that she's a girl—is just gravy. You're thinking of asking her to stop off for a soda when a too-familiar voice grates behind you.

That does it. No one can be amusing or even very bright when a younger brother or sister is tagging his footsteps. They know too many things about you—and all of them the wrong things. "Small Potatoes" brings up the question as to whether or not Mom knows that you're wearing the new sports jacket to school? And where did you find the money to turn off at the drugstore—considering the fact that only last night you were overheard unsuccessfully touching Dad for an advance upon the next week's allowance?

At times like these, it isn't easy to remember the way your brother soothed your injured pride by admiring your tennis shots right after the Pro at the courts advised you to take up ping-pong. It's hard to recall what a terribly empty place riddled the dinner table the week that he was in the hospital. Even the fact that he sold cards for two months before

*getting along*  
*with the* **SMALL FRY**



Christmas in order to surprise you with a camera recedes into the background.

Or if it's little sister, you keep forgetting the day she made fudge for you while Mom was out. Maybe the fudge never did harden and there was a mess to clean up afterwards. However, she did painfully spell out the recipe and burned her hand during the process. It isn't easy to remember things like this at moments when the small fry is so much in evidence, you'd like to lock it into the closet and forget where you've hidden the key.

Perhaps you're a girl and allowed to go out occasionally to church and neighborhood parties. For one of these you've lassoed a date with a boy whom you've admired for a long time. Suddenly you begin to doubt your appearance. Other girls seem so much prettier, so much more popular, you wonder how he ever got around to choosing you. This is usually the moment for rushing home from school to pin up your hair, do your nails, press your best dress and find a flower to match it.

You rather hope that the family will cooperate. To a degree, the older members do. But at this point little sister decides to learn your beauty secrets. She also hangs over the ironing board offering a dozen breathy questions: May she try on your dress just this once? And is this the same boy who kept you waiting that night two weeks ago? Then it turns out that she's lost the ribbon which you finally decided to wear in your hair. She's used the last of the shampoo playing beauty parlor, and in some mysterious fashion has ripped the bow from your ballet slippers.

When your date turns up on the doorsteps, he's met with a delegation. The small fry lounge against the doorway, fixing him with glassy, critical eyes. Both of you become stiff and uncomfortable. Something in Mother's face forbids you to firmly push the children out of sight. After all, they are Family, as Mother often says.

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## *A Grain of Wheat*

You are a grain of wheat;

Bury yourself in God.

Split open in defeat,

A seed lost in the clod,

When death becomes complete

New life will burst the sod!

By ELIZABETH PATTON MOSS

---

And she has a point there. The lost ribbon may be found, or a new one can be bought. If the boy really likes you, you could wear a shoe string in your hair and he'd probably not even notice it. More shampoo can be bought out of next week's allowance. The bow of your slipper can be mended.

Almost anything can be mended or replaced except the injured pride, the tiny indignities which can be mice nibbling at the love and admiration which the small fry offers you in both grimy little hands.

Perhaps you may remember how you felt at that age. At this stage, they're hero or heroine worshippers. They'd not be underfoot so often, if they didn't consider you someone pretty special. You are all the things they hope to grow up to be. That is a responsibility! You have the mysterious privileges of age. They must go to bed at nine. On special occasions you may stay up until later. You help select your own clothes. They are still considered too babyish, and occasionally some of their clothing consists of hand-me-downs from you.

They are still very dependent upon the family. Increasingly, you are finding courage to take the first steps out of the family circle and into the world of strangers. Their tennis is still a tantrum-riddled effortful affair. They find it difficult to bring the racket and the ball into just the proper position to bring about the proper result. You appear to handle both with almost miraculous ease. When Mother goes off on errands, she depends upon you to keep order. You may object. However, underneath, the younger ones wish that such responsibility might be given to them. At times, they feel very unnecessary to the smooth operation of the family.

Mother sometimes says, "I can't see why you're so much harder on your clothes than your sisters and brothers at your age."

Mother could be mistaken. She may be viewing a past year with the gentleness born out of the passing of time. The small fry has no way of suspecting this natural reaction. Her casual, irritated remark appears unmodified truth.

Without thought, Father may say within your younger brother's hearing, "I'm afraid he'll never be the football player that his brother is. He hasn't the shoulders or the stamina. Of course he could go out for the band but..."

Neither intend to be tactless or unkind, but it's too easy to forget those appallingly large ears of the small pitchers. It hurts to feel inferior to someone, but it is hardest of all to believe that you can never become like your hero or heroine.

And there is also that matter of the Golden Rule. It doesn't apply only to adults and your friends. It applies very strongly to the small fry who are eager to adopt any rule which you may follow. A little more kindness will bring amazing results.

When small brother or sister tags after you while you are walking your current heart throb, why not establish a new custom of making an introduction. It will be awkward at first. The young ones may react by backing away and turning the red of their

(Continued on page 42.)



*it's mealtime!*

# COOKING NEWS *from* *Frances Barton*



## ORANGE FILLING

- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 teaspoon butter
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup quick-frozen concentrated orange juice

Combine cornstarch, sugar, and salt in saucepan. Add water gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until clear and thickened—about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Add butter and orange juice; blend. Cool. Makes  $1\frac{1}{3}$  cups filling, or enough to spread between two 9-inch cake layers.

returned. The best way to return air to be juice is through vigorous agitation. I recommend shaking the reconstituted juice vigorously whether in a shaker, tightly-covered jar, or milk bottle. I also have learned that if the brisk shaking is carried on for 15 or 20 seconds, the air really is returned and brings out the orange's delightful flavor."

Here is a recipe for a creamy cake filling made with quick-frozen orange juice concentrate.

Proper addition of air during the reconstitution of quick-frozen orange juice concentrate is imperative if the best possible flavor of the tree-ripened fruit is desired.

"When the fresh orange juice is concentrated to triple richness in flavor, the air and water are removed," explains Howard F. Lochrie, director of marketing of the Bird's Eye-Snyder Division of General Foods. "Therefore, when the concentrate is to be reconstituted into a beverage the proper amount of air and water must be

Here's how to  
make that de-  
licious quick-  
frozen orange  
juice you've  
been enjoying  
taste even  
more like fresh  
orange juice.  
And try our  
recipe for a  
creamy  
orange cake  
filling.





# for the SUMMER FIREPLACE

Many evenings in the summer, either at a summer cottage in the mountains, at a lake, seashore, or even in the year-round home, a little fire in the fireplace takes the chill off the room. It is not always easy to keep dry wood on hand, and for that reason a number of blocks may be made that will answer this purpose.

Make the blocks as follows: Save every box in which cereal, crackers, soap powders, etc., come, in fact any pasteboard cartons. When opening them be careful to cut them open squarely and carefully. When empty place one of them in some easily accessible place, and put into it, carefully cramming them down, every bit of old paper, string, dried fruit skins and stones, bits of bread, toast, etc., and when full carefully tie the top on with string and place ready to use, starting another box.

When you need just a little fire to take off the dampness or chill, place one or two in the fireplace, light a match and touch to them, and these little blocks will make a cheerful little blaze that will accomplish your object.

By PERLEY R. WADE

## Children's Fears

(From page 9.)

cannot be denied. A child may state verbally that he is no longer afraid but a keen observer will note that it still exists and is being pushed farther beneath the surface. This means that diagnosis and help will be more difficult to achieve. Often a child will try to deny fear through his behavior by putting on a bold, brave air frequently full of braggadocio and bullying. It is hard to believe that these youngsters are sometimes the most timid and frightened ones in a family or group; but they are trying so desperately to cover up in order to save face! They are the ones who have had to retreat from the truth and disguise their fear because someone shamed them. So what can we do to help? How can we reach them? What are some guide posts for us?

First to consider is our attitude. We must help a fearful child to see that we are not ashamed of him and that we sympathize with him. In this warm atmosphere of understanding and acceptance, the child will be more apt to keep his fear on the surface, admit it and talk about it rather than bury it. This gives us a chance to help him look at it objectively and to want to do something about it. A home where there is affection, encouragement, and honesty is just not a good breeding ground for fear and is one of the best preventive measures against it.

There should be also an attempt to discover the cause of the fear. The belief that "all behavior is caused" includes fear. It may be a specific instance or just something in the atmosphere. Tension, bitterness, unhappiness and open arguments which are not understood by the child can produce nameless fears.

And we know that the only way to reduce fear is to remove the real cause. Fears which are difficult to diagnose may require the help of a specialist and should be treated as early as possible.

Our comments and behavior must be watched carefully. Such questions as "You aren't going to be afraid, are you?" or "You aren't going to cry, are you?" usually work in reverse and actually plant the idea that the child should be afraid or that he should cry. Also, our own reactions may be a determining factor. If we show fear, start back, withdraw, gasp or even grimace, this is telling the child that *This is something to fear.*

Some fears just naturally wear themselves out. They disappear as the child acquires more knowledge and skills (both physical and social). Some situations just never occur again and aren't important enough to become a lasting fear and won't unless a fearful or unwise adult makes them seem too significant.

In the face of a deep-seated fear, merely explaining to a child the how and why will not ensure a quick change in attitude. The pattern of behavior may be so deeply ingrained that only time can be the healer. Explaining helps—but we cannot depend on it and the utmost patience is required. One area where explanation can be helpful is in preparing a child for what is coming or what he can expect—whether it is a trip to the doctor, or guests coming. This must be used with caution, however, as overemphasis may cause concern. Some children even respond to dramatic play—playing what is actually going to happen helps in anticipation. Go through the motions. I

(Continued on page 42.)



# STUDY GUIDE

## on "Bible Reading and Family Living"

### I. Report on the article, by the leader.

1. Encourage the members of your parents' group to read the article on page 2 of this issue of *Hearthstone*.

2. Select four persons to report on each of the four main divisions of the article.

3. Each report should be planned so as to answer the question: "How can Bible reading make a contribution to Christian family living?"

### II. Guiding principles for different age groups.

#### 1. Pre-school children.

a. Parents need the oneness in the home which come from their devotion to Jesus Christ. Very young children sense this harmony just as they quickly feel the presence of discord.

b. Wise parents will make a careful study of the providential care of God; for only through such faith can they impart to their little ones an all-important sense of security.

c. Small children are influenced deeply by attitudes of adults toward the Bible and by the wise selection of memory verses taught them by their parents.

#### 2. Elementary school children.

a. Character building at this age is very important; the parent is wise who selects from the Bible those great passages which concern this subject.

b. The use of a child's version of the Bible stories or a child's Life of Christ will be most helpful with this age group. Religious pictures for illustration impress young minds.

c. Dramatization of Bible stories will prove a most interesting supplement to Bible reading.

#### 3. Adolescents.

a. This is a period of idealism and decision for the adolescent boy or girl. At few times in life will an individual be so eager for an adventure of faith. Therefore, a study of the Gospels with the aim of leading the youngster to a commitment of life to the Savior is of vital importance.

b. This is also a period of inner conflict and adjustment to the complex world of standards and perplexing social situations. Many adolescent youths suffer keenly from a sense of guilt or frustration. Most of them feel insecure. One of their main problems is how to live with other members of the family

successfully. A frank study of the Sermon on the Mount and the teachings of the Epistles concerning human relationships and moral and spiritual problems is very much in order.

c. At this age, adolescents are being confronted in school with the history of civilization, and with civics and political science; they are facing the secular and often materialistic points of view of science. It is therefore important that they learn to see God at work in the natural world. To meet these needs, a study of Genesis and Exodus and of the historical books and the prophets will be valuable.

### III. General discussion.

1. How has the secularization of modern life and particularly of education created a special need for Bible reading in the home? What proportion of young

done, who in the family should bear this responsibility?

5. How can family participation in the reading of the Bible help adolescent young people who face doubts and questions about the Scriptures, God, creation, sin, salvation, etc.?

6. In what way will a knowledge of literary forms of expression used in Bible times assist the reader of the Scriptures?

7. Is there a relationship between reverence for the Bible as the Word of God and respect for divine authority in matters of faith and daily living? Explain.

### IV. Adaptations.

1. If the children of the family are of the elementary school age it will be best to have a separate period of Bible reading for them, using editions of the Bible prepared for children.

2. When the children are of adolescent years, it may be profitable for them to join with the parents in a Bible study.

3. Adults will find Bible reading an increasing delight when they select a book to read aloud, and preferably in a modern speech version which will overcome some obscurities of language and emphasize the meaning. A distinction should be made between this type of reading for insights into Christian family living and devotional reading when the more familiar English versions may be more welcome.

### V. Additional resources.

#### 1. For use with children.

Askew, Mary W. *Reading the Bible at Home*.

Begbie, Harold. *The Children's Story Bible*.

Cullen, Charles. *Jesus the Christ*.  
Doane, Pelagie. *A Small Child's Bible*.

Goodspeed, Edgar, ed. *The Junior Bible*.

SMITHER, ETHEL LISLE. *The Use of the Bible With Children*.

STREIBERT, MURIEL A. *Youth and the Bible*.

#### 2. For adults.

DEJONG, MEINDERT. *Bible Days*.  
ERDMAN, CHARLES R. *What Do You Know About Your Bible?*

LOVE, JULIAN P. *How to Read the Bible*.

MILLER, PARK H. *How to Study and Use the Bible*.

SMITH, J. M. POWIS, and EDGAR GOODSPEED. *The Bible: An American Translation*.

### When Children Come with You

plan to have a leader who may:

**Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

**Guide in Making Articles.** Children like to express their love through gifts. A gift for father on Father's Day might be made. If not a gift, a greeting card would be appropriate. Suggestions for gifts and other things to make and do are frequently found in this magazine, the primary and junior story papers, and books from the library.

**Direct Games.** Seasonal games are sometimes to be found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries.

people today are familiar with Bible characters and events.

2. How can family Bible reading assist parents in leading their children to commit their lives to Jesus Christ?

3. Of what advantage is the reading of Scripture aloud? Of reading entire books, if not too long, at one sitting?

4. Does the practice of Bible reading without comment have value in creating attitudes towards the Scriptures and God? Is it more helpful to add comments to the Bible reading? If this is



## WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

# Family Life

### Parents' Tea

The South Baptist Church School of Worcester, Massachusetts, recently held its fourth annual Parents' Tea which has grown each year until there is "standing room only" for late-comers. Invitations to this Tea were made by the children, and mimeographed post cards were mailed to each family and to friends.

The program included remarks by the pastor, church school superintendents, and departmental superintendents. The boys and girls of each department up through the intermediates participated. There was an exhibit of teaching materials and activity projects by the children.

The serving of refreshments concluded the program with opportunity for parents, teachers, and children to get better acquainted.

### Home and Church School Reports

In the Fall issue of the *Harbinger*, 1950, a denominational publication for children's workers, the editor describes a project of the First Baptist Church, West Hartford, Connecticut, in which quarterly reports are exchanged by the parents and teachers of children. Parents are asked to make a report to the church school, and departmental workers report to the families.

Parents were asked to report to the church school on the following questions:

1. Questions which your child has asked at home about:

- Life
- Death
- The Universe
- God
- Jesus
- The Bible
- The Church
- Other Races
- Social Problems

- (a) What have you said or done in reference to these questions?
- (b) How may the church school be of help with these questions?
2. Songs, hymns, prayers, Bible passages and other religious material used at home:
  - List and describe, if you care to.
  - Give titles of books or references you have used.
3. Your child's experiences and behavior which the church school ought to know at this time:
  - Such as death in the family, new baby, significant events—trips or experiences of the whole family, human relations, discipline problems, health, new hobbies, etc.
4. What your child reports about the church school:
  - What is his (her) attitude toward the church school and its program?
5. How can the church school be of more help to you and your child?

The church school welcomes your suggestions. Additional information and data on this project can be obtained by writing to the Department of Children's Work.

JOSEPH

JOHN

HANSON



### Child Study Club

The Logan Square Baptist Church of Chicago has organized a Children's Study Club which uses *Hearthstone* magazine as a basis for monthly discussion programs. This club is unanimous in commenting that *Hearthstone* gives more practical guidance than any nationally known magazine, and is promoting its use in every church family. The club has found the study guide especially helpful in conducting discussion meetings.

### Family Camping

Would you welcome a family vacation experience this summer that is really different . . . and Christian? Are you interested in discovering new techniques for living together in your home? Would you welcome a chance to live in a genuinely Christian community for ten glorious days? They . . . plan to attend a family camp in which there is opportunity to enjoy the fellowship and association of other Christian families.

No program in America does more to strengthen family life by providing daily opportunities for families to play, discuss, relax, and worship under friendly and competent leaders. Deep spiritual enrichment comes as families worship God in His great out-of-doors.

A diversified program makes each morning a period of new discovery and enrichment for every member of the family. Children participate in a story period, expressional activities, supervised play, and craft projects. Parents devote one hour to Bible study, plus a second period in which they seek Christian answers to problems that face every home today.

Afternoons are spent in optional craft activities, swimming, other forms of recreation for the entire family, picnic trips to places of interest . . . or just relaxation.

The highest moment of each day comes when families gather for worship, followed by camp fire and special programs in which all members of the family participate. Informal fellowship and a fireside forum for parents follow the children's bedtime hour every evening.

For further information write to Rev. Joseph John Hanson, Director of Adult Work and Family Life, 1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa., or Rev. J. D. Montgomery, Director of Adult Work, 222 S. Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.



## What Is This?

(From page 23.)

ages, tabernacles, Bible scrolls, and the like. Some churches wish to make the process of learning so important to the parents, as well as the children, that they send home report cards much the same as the public school. All of these serve as contacts between church and home.

What happens to these contacts the church is making with your home? Parents have a very real part in nurturing the religious growth of children. They can make use of the same methods and materials in the home as are used at church and can multiply by as many waking hours as the child spends at home the time the church gives to teaching. The church can be just as important to the child as his everyday experiences and the attitudes and influence of members of his family will allow.

The work a child does at church is important there, for it is a part of his learning. The pride he feels in accomplishment is a tender thing which can be seriously damaged by indifference or thoughtless, unkind criticism from any of the family. A child's ego can easily be deflated in this way and his pride so injured that it can do permanent harm to his growing personality as well as to his relationship to the church. Thoughtful parents will respect their children as persons and regard their efforts with sympathy and understanding appreciation, no matter how crude the results of their endeavors may be.

Freddie had always been indifferent in Sunday school and never wanted to take part in any of the activities engaged in by the rest of the class. But one morning he became intrigued with the making of scrolls. He liked to print and was good at drawing. The teacher encouraged him and as they learned more each week about how our Bible came to be he became so interested that he came early each Sunday morning to start his work. At the close of the unit the class voted to use Freddie's scroll in the worship service because it was so beautiful. When he started home, the teacher reminded him of his scroll which was to be taken home that day. "Awh," said Freddie, "let it go. Mom would just throw it away, 'cause it would 'clutter' up the house!" "Mmmmm," the teacher thought, "perhaps, at last, I have discovered one reason for Freddie's nervousness, and his unwillingness to take part in class!"

Billy took his scroll home, though it was a poor thing in comparison with Freddie's. On the way home in the car his Dad said, "Well, Son, what happened in your class this morning?" Billy showed his scroll which was admired, and his parents were interested listeners all the way home as he told what he had learned during the making of it. Then a thrill of pleasure went all over him, even to his fingers and toes, when his Daddy suggested he read one of the Bible verses before the prayer at the dinner table! After dinner, Mother helped him find an important place to keep it, which turned out to be right by the big Bible on its special table! Billy loved his church and looked forward each week to attending with his family.

Little Paula proudly held up her drawing before her family. Already she sensed the general amusement, but when her mother laughed and asked, "What is it, Paula?" she shyly answered, "It's a bird's nest in a tree just like the one outside our window at church." At this, her older brother grabbed it from her hands and as he turned it round and round, he laughed and declared he could not tell top from bottom. Poor Paula dissolved into tears and next Sunday she rebelled at going to "that old church." This was a culmination of many such experiences in the life of Paula. Ridicule can bruise stouter hearts than Paula's, and no one can begin to estimate the damage such treatment can do to the personality of a child, nor how far reaching it may be in its influence.

One's imagination may need to be stretched to the breaking point at times. To others, Paula's drawing may have looked like so many marks on a piece of paper with no "up" or "down," but to Paula it was an exact picture of what she saw in God's out-of-doors that morning. Her experience at church had been a satisfying one as she had appreciated, with her teacher and others in the pre-school class, the wonders in God's world. But her family failed her and the hurt went deeper than they will ever know.

Is it an unrecognizable drawing the youngest brings home? Or a crudely mounted picture? A cardboard house with wobbly stairs attached to one side? Or a more advanced piece of work by an adept junior? Or a report card showing the record of attendance, interest and work done in class? Treat them all with respect. These measure your child's growth in religion and strengthen his need of and appreciation for the church.

What happens to the papers and leaflets and work books the church gives to the children? Are they read and appreciated, and saved for shut-ins or sick friends or missionaries? Or are they ignored by the parents, destroyed and neglected by the children?

**He that despiseth small things will  
perish by little and little.**

**Emerson**

The father of a junior boy once said that he had learned more about the Bible from a work book his son had brought home, than in all the years he had attended Sunday school himself. The appreciation his work had always received at home inspired this boy to his best efforts in doing and living as a Christian, and before he left the Junior Department his greatest wish was to be a true follower of his Friend Jesus and he was baptized into his church.

What is this your child brings home? Why, don't you know? It is a part of that child. It is a stepping stone which will, if thoughtfully used, pave his way to a complete fellowship in the work and worship of the church.



## Getting Along With the Small Fry

(From page 36.)

stocking caps. However, once the first move is made, they'll probably discover that your friends are human beings. And how flattering that will be! You needn't be afraid that your prestige will go down by doing this small courtesy. If the person concerned is worth it, your value will go up.

If television or radio programs are a problem at your house, why not consult Mother and Dad—never forgetting to bring the small fry into the discussion. You may have to sacrifice a program or two. But isn't that better than pulling the rank of age?

Instead of resenting baby sitting for the brats—and don't think that they haven't heard you describe it in similar words—you can make a game of it. Since it must be done, isn't it more sensible to keep the atmosphere free of the tears they shed, and the tears they're too proud to shed but take out in tantrums? You see, they can sense your resentments.

During an odd hour after school or on Saturdays, why not suggest a game of catch in the backyard? It may prove a bore to you. After all they are younger, less skillful and their hands are smaller—but concentrate upon the pride glowing in their eyes. Then again, you may find occasional picnics, games, walks through the park not to be a bore at all. They can be fun. There will be off days when you'll wish you'd never suggested the expedition with the younger set. But aren't there off days in amusements shared with friends of your own age?

If you're a girl with a smaller-sister problem, why don't you try washing her hair, pinning it up and then showing her the prettiest way of wearing it? Little girls also have their vanities. She borrowed your ribbon because she admired it so greatly and it was so becoming to you.

With understanding of the small fry, the day is certain to come when you will hear them saying boastfully, "Well, my brother says that . . .," or, "My sister does it this way . . ." Not everyone has the opportunity to practice the Golden Rule, and keep a life-long friend and admirer right in the family.

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## Children's Fears

(From page 38.)

honest. If something is going to hurt, say so very casually.

In some cases, it helps to introduce the feared object along with a pleasant situation. The child "becomes used to" the object under favorable conditions. Going closer to a dog is much easier if you are licking an ice cream cone or if favored playmates are around.

Meeting a fear head on can be successful or can be a tragedy depending on the condition of the child at the time and the feeling in the situation. If a child is tired, overly excited, or emotionally upset,

forcing him into a distressing situation will only intensify the feeling. But if he feels well and has just had a pleasant experience, he will be better conditioned to take on the feared object.

The greater variety of experiences a child has, the more quickly will be the increase of his understanding and control of his environment. Encourage the child to try new experiences, as this adds new skills and helps build confidence. Keep your standards well within *his* reach and accept errors and slow progress cheerfully. The induction to a new experience must be slow, quiet, serene and honest. Give physical assistance when it is needed. It is hard to be afraid when your hand is in that of a loved one who has confidence in you.

If a child is increasing his fear reactions, look not only to the emotional atmosphere as mentioned previously,

**The more virtuous a man is, the  
less easily does he suspect others  
to be vicious.**

**Cicero**

viously, but to his and the family's routines. So children need a high degree of regularity. Emotionally and nervously, they just cannot take confusion. Establish a simple schedule and hold to it whenever possible.

We should notice, too, the relation of the child to his fear. Is it real fear which is persisting or is it the child learned how to use his fear to control adults? It is difficult to distinguish between them and it is safer to give the child the benefit of the doubt. Many teachers have this problem in nursery schools and church school classes with the child who does not want to stay alone. Does his cry portray real fear or is he only trying to hold his parents? No longer do we immediately force the break, but we take several days to observe and to gradually wean the child away.

Yes, fear can be very real but it does not have to exist. It is hard to be afraid when we have that confidence and courage which comes from knowing that someone believes in us and our ability. This knowledge helps us to believe in ourselves and our own ability. Does this imply faith? Yes, most certainly—faith both in ourselves and in other people. Faith in ourselves comes through the help of others. If we want courageous and independent behavior in our children, we must help by facing their problems for them but with them—physically at first as they are learning. As the child matures, gradually we draw the physical aid and give what might be called spiritual help, an implied confidence which a child can feel and which contributes toward his self-assurance and independence.



## Books for the Hearth Side



If you are a schoolteacher or were one, or if you know a schoolteacher to whom you would like to send a delightful book, do not delay getting *Heaven in My Hand* by Alice Lee Humphreys (John Knox Press, price \$1.75). It is a beautiful book, with a cover that is worthy of the title and the contents, together with printing and paper that please the eye and hand. But the charm of the book is in the children who move across its pages, and in the insight of a Christian teacher. The writing style is that of the Old Testament, even Ecclesiastes, but the children and the happenings of their days in the schoolroom are so real that they seem to unfold before one's eyes. The meditations of the teacher are touched with tenderness and humor and she makes the children live for us as they did for her. You will not easily forget—Roberta, and Timothy, and Benson and Pamela.

A teacher with such an understanding heart does indeed have heaven in her hand. Parents and teachers, in both school and church will be enriched by reading this book.

*The Pennsylvania Dutch*, by Fredric Klees, may seem at first glance to be another of those "regional" books, full of facts, but not too interesting for busy people. It is far from that. It is a book about people and their ways. It tells about the customs which set them apart from other people. It makes one glad that in America it is possible to be as different as this and yet be part of the fabric of national life. The reader will have a new understanding of the groups which make up this segment of America and an appreciation of their contribution and background. It is an interesting bit of church history told in terms of the people rather than historical events. The adult members of the family will enjoy reading it and there are many spots which children and young people would enjoy hearing read aloud.

*Stories From Holy Writ*, by Helen Waddell is the best book of Bible stories this reviewer can remember having read. It definitely gives a dramatic quality to familiar stories that does no violence to the Bible account which it follows closely and accurately. About the age we are not so sure. The story of Miriam and Moses would interest young children but has a dignity an older child or adults would appreciate even more. The story of Nehemiah and the building of the wall is meant for older boys and girls, but younger ones would enjoy many spots in it. Here is the beginning of one of the stories about Jacob. "I have told you one of the two meanest things Jacob ever did. This time I will tell you the other, but after this he begins to be a little nicer." Anyone would catch the meaning of that and want to know more. Even the story of Nicodemus coming to Jesus which is a deep and stirring one for a mature reader has an atmosphere a young listener would feel. All of this adds up to a good book for family reading.

*The Young Child Uses Clay*, by Eileen S. Nelson (The Arts Cooperative Service, 12 pages, 40 cents) give suggestions for preparation and care of clay; reconditioning clay; work

space and working surface; tools; techniques; and the values a child receives from the use of clay.

Walter Russell Bowie, whose book, *The Story of the Bible*, has been popular for years with young people, has now given us *The Bible Story for Boys and Girls, New Testament*. (Published by Abingdon-Cokesbury, New York-Nashville. 160 pages. Price, \$2.50.) Written for a younger audience than his earlier book, it will be a delight to them in its simple and beautiful style. The book is beautifully illustrated with nineteen full color plates and many black and white drawings. It may be read in the family circle or individually with equal interest. The author is preparing a companion volume on the Old Testament which will be looked for with eagerness.

A well-known authority in the field of marriage relationships and counseling, Paul Popenoe, has written a helpful book for married couples, *Marriage Is What You Make It*. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 221 pages. Price, \$3.00.) Out of his wide experience as director of the Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles he offers tried and tested principles for meeting many types of marriage problems. He is concerned to point out in advance many of the pitfalls which lie in the path of even the most "ideal" marriage in order that most of them may be avoided or successfully "waded through." Most of our readers will feel that he has not given religion and Christian faith a large enough place in the process of truly "making the two to become one."

Readers who like their novels to come by generations will be interested in a first novel written by an English author, Geraldine Symons, *All Souls*. (Published by Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York, Toronto. 328 pages. Price, \$2.50.) Five generations of the Abercorn family, in its migrations from England to Australia to China and back to England, are portrayed with considerable skill and beauty. Although not written to "support a cause" it does exalt the importance of the individual and his right to develop along the lines of his greatest possibilities. Although certainly not written as a religious novel it does, nevertheless, carry a strong note of religious faith.

The religious note which is missing in Popenoe's book is struck with firmness in Leland Foster Wood's *How Love Grows in Marriage*. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 183 pages. Price, \$2.50.) The author was for many years secretary of the Commission on Marriage and the Home of the Federal Council of Churches. He writes not only out of experience in observation and counseling but also out of his own forty years of maturing happiness in marriage. He writes out of the conviction, shared by his wife, that the greatest happiness in marriage is not found during or shortly after the honeymoon, but in the rich maturity of the later years.



### Those Outdoor Appetites

(From page 31.)

mum of six clams. If you live inland, order clams from your fish dealer. Any edible variety will do. If you live where clams are abundant, buy a dozen for each person.

Steaming for a small group can be done in one or two old-fashioned wash boilers, scrubbed scrupulously clean. A wooden rack, one and one-half inches thick, fits into the bottom. This can be strips of clean wood laid in, but it is better to nail them together as in figure B. Water is poured into the boiler to the depth of one and one-half inches, and food must rest above this level. For a very large crowd, a vat or vats should be obtained, or the kind of galvanized iron tank used for watering farm stock. It must have a very close-fitting metal or wooden cover, and a wooden rack similar to figure B, but two inches thick. All must be absolutely clean. An extra-large open-end fireplace, to support the tank, can be made with stones or plenty of bricks.

Food for each guest is placed in an individual receptacle. This can be a foot-square bag of cheesecloth, or for a small group, two or more wire baskets of old-fashioned corn poppers, minus handles. The best containers for a large group are baskets made of unpainted wide-mesh wire screen, illustrated in figure C. These are folded from oblongs cut fifteen inches by twenty, cut in on heavy lines shown in figure D, and folded up along dotted lines. This produces a basket five inches by ten by four inches deep. These baskets (or corn poppers) can be stacked one on another in boiler or vat, to assure thorough steaming of food.

Prepare food by tying chicken around sausage, with string. Place washed clams in bottom of basket, or in cheesecloth. Do not try to open them. They do this themselves when steamed. Add corn, potatoes, celery and chicken on top. Put racks in bottom of boilers or vat, heat water to boiling (two inches deep in large tank, one and one-half inches in boilers) then place bags or baskets on wooden rack, with other layers loosely on top. Fix cover on tightly and keep

water gently boiling, for constant steam. About two hours is required for cooking. A complete dinner is served to each guest as it comes from the boiler.

Water in the bottom of boiler or vat will have become clam broth. Serve this in paper cups. A simple salad of lettuce or cabbage may be added, and dessert of ice cream. Iced or hot coffee or other beverage should be served, according to season and age of guests. One clam-bake is very likely to follow another!

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### International Gardens

(From page 12.)

meditative music comes from an unobtrusive but efficient amplifying system.

The International Friendship Gardens attract thousands of visitors as each season comes and goes. Virgil and Joseph Stauffer can see their dream clearer and clearer now. This creation of years of work and hope and love becoming a meeting place of cultured people from all over the world, where all personal and racial discords will be merged into a mutual love of beauty. Over fifty nations are already charter members, supporting the huge undertaking by endowments and membership fees, complemented, of course, by generous support from the Stauffer brothers. To make sure that the gardens will always remain free from political hamperings and free to the public, a Board of Governors, with directors and trustees, has been set up. Many noted horticulturists and artists contribute time and energy to the Gardens.

Virgil Stauffer sums up their dream by saying, "At no time in history has the love of gardens been so prevalent. All of our hopes may at times be shattered, yet the lily has not failed to dip in the morning dew, nor the blossoms to show their beauty in the warm June rain. . . . Our friendships grow as we learn to know each other. So here in these many gardens, representing the love, peace, and friendship of many nations . . . we are met with a common interest in a common cause."

### Father as a Family Man

(From page 18.)

Of course, the children in our family are not the only ones to profit from this father-daughter relationship. Father considers himself the winner every time and counts name off his advantages in one, two, three order.

The girls have taught him a great deal and have caused him to brush up on many things which had almost forgotten. Long before they were born he began to walk a little straighter, to work a little harder, and to assume a more responsible air.

When the girls began to talk, he learned even more. They asked questions which would stump the experts and father had to preserve his dignity and give a good answer. If he didn't know, he said he would find out—and so he learned to. "What makes the sun go down?" "Why does it rain?" "Why does the grass grow?" These questions and others like them prompted father to learn more about the people and the world in which he lived than he had known before. They led him to discover the pioneers of science as well as the wealth of knowledge which they let loose upon the world.

When the children asked questions about their nursery rhymes and their favorite stories, the daddy often had to do a little re-investing and a little research to answer to their satisfaction. He began to take new delight in the cow that jumped over the moon, the boy who fell down and broke his crown, and the egg that sat on the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put back together again. He went to the library and sought out his own old favorites so that he would be prepared when he was asked for a story. His turn at a revival of history and geography will come when the children are in school.

Yes, father is a family man now. He provides much of the fun, the fellowship, and the force which makes of our daughters who are some well-rounded personalities. And he is learning through the unprejudiced eyes of his girls what Christianity and respect for other people really mean.



# Family Counselors

**Question:** My pediatrician told me not to leave my baby and my little boy in the church nursery unless they have the new germ-killing lights and a trained nurse in charge. Our nursery seems to be carefully supervised, but it hasn't the special lights, and there is no nurse there. If I don't leave them in the nursery, I can't go to church. Do you think it would hurt them?

**Answer:** This is another question which I can answer only in a general way, for of course I would not care to question the wisdom of your pediatrician's decision. I presume he knows your children and your nursery situation. I can answer from my own experience, however. A church nursery is usually considered to be a good one if

1. It has adequate, trained leadership.
2. It is scrupulously clean.
3. It has good light and ventilation.
4. It has a separate room or screened corner for cribs to separate the babies from the toddlers.
5. It has sound, safe play equipment.

If your nursery meets these requirements, and if your children are normally healthy, I should think they would be as safe there as elsewhere. Even if you leave them at home with a baby-sitter, there is the chance she will bring in germs unknowingly. We cannot possibly isolate our children completely after their very first days. A trained nurse in a nursery is a good added precaution, but since many of the children's

**Dorothy Faust**



**Elizabeth N. Jones**

diseases are communicable in the stage before most symptoms appear, even her presence would not insure the health of your children. Speaking personally, I have left our four children, with the permission of our doctors, in several good church nurseries, and have felt perfectly safe. It has always seemed to me that I needed the spiritual guidance and growth gained from regular church worship. The inspiration which I derived from that worship always seemed to me to be of value indirectly to my children too. I've considered that value to over-balance any very slight danger that the children would be exposed to illness.

E. N. J.

**Question:** To what extent do you think we can forbid our children to look at harmful television programs, or listen to bad radio programs, or read poor books and comics? The more I forbid them to do these things, the more they do them on the sly.

**Answer:** I think we have to acknowledge that we can't control what our children do when they are away from us, except by the indirect influence of what we teach them at home. That's why what we do and teach and are at home is so very important. We must try to guide our children to see, first, why we object to these things. Then we must show them the value, as well as the fun and enjoyment, of better programs and reading. We have to help them to make better choices by talking things over in a family council and by keeping our own standards high. We must be very sure, too, that the things we object to are really harmful, and not just something we ourselves dislike.

Having done this, I feel we can and must say, "These things we will not have in our home"—if it is still necessary. As I have written before, the parents are the guardians of the home environment. It is our duty and privilege to make that environment the very best we can so that our families can grow mentally and spiritually, as well as physically. If we have to say "no" to certain entertainment, it is well to admit to our children that we know they can do as they please away from home, but that we trust them to stand for the best they know. In this way we remove the lure of a secret activity, and place them on their honor. Nine children out of ten will respond in a way that will surprise and please us.

E. N. J.

**Question:** Because of the housing situation, as well as the high cost of rentals, our family has had to live for several years in a most undesirable section of the city. In spite of all we could do, our thirteen-year-old boy is going with a bad crowd of boys, and is becoming naughty and disobedient. We are afraid he will get into trouble,



but don't know what to do, for we have to live here.

Answer: May I commend you, first of all, on looking ahead to foresee what may become a serious problem. So many of our problems could be avoided or minimized if we looked ahead and took the right action. As you must for the present live in such a neighborhood, I would try to "expose" your son to as many good influences as you can to counteract the bad influences. Your home life need not reflect the poor outside environment. Make your home as pleasant and comfortable and wholesome as you can. Then I would join an *active* church, so your boy can meet and fraternize with good Christian boys, where he can learn from consecrated Christian adults. Next, I would consult the Boy Scouts, Y.M.C.A., and Police Boys' Clubs to interest your boy in their worth-while program. Your pastor or any of these organizations can refer you to the proper place if you need further help.

E. N. J.

Question: I wrote you several months ago. Things have gone beautifully since. My husband found employment with a reasonable salary. He took only a fair amount for his lunch and carfare as you suggested and I have managed the rest. We have been able to pay all current expenses, pick up his insurance which had lapsed, and last week we paid the last of the debts which he had incurred gambling. I felt at last we were truly making headway.

Our next plan was to buy a second hand car because he needs it very badly to get to work. He goes to work at 4:00 a.m. Street-cars do not run regularly and he has to walk over a mile to work, then stand all day at work. Yesterday was pay day and for the first time in five months he did not return home until very late. He had lost his entire pay gambling. In every other way my husband is almost perfect. Do you suppose this is the end of our happiness or should I give him another chance? I fear this will happen periodically.

Answer: Do not become discouraged or in any way reflect your disappointment that your husband had this slip. I do not know what influence caused him to go haywire again but with such a fine period of probation he has proof of what he can do. I feel that you should not be too severe and critical this time. Please understand I am not excusing him for his conduct but are you sure you gave him the proper boost each day? I can see that you are proud of the excellent period of accomplishment. Ask yourself if you have been loving, just and honest in giving your husband credit for cooperation or do I misinterpret your letter by seeing a note of self-pride and self-glorification of the way in which you were able to manage the money and pay off the indebtedness? The real secret of success comes only if you are able to express love and confidence in your husband and show him that he is the one who has been able to emerge from a bad habit. If he is

to completely forget this old habit step by step and day by day, you must help him to eliminate the traits that would seem to impede his progress. You can do this better if you are really intent on reflecting love and confidence in him each day and there will be no room for fear of the future. I hope you will cultivate joy and praise for each day's progress instead of each day building barriers of fear and limitation.

D. F.

Question: Our problem is over television set. The children fight over which programs they will look at, object to turning it off for bedtime or meals. They choose good programs, but this constant fighting is upsetting the whole family. Is it like that in other families?

Answer: Think of your other family possessions. How do you decide which radio programs to listen to? Which child has the privilege of reading the funny first at night? Who has the fun playing with the dog? Who plays the piano first? How do you arrange for the use of the family car? If you settle all these questions amicably, and in a way satisfactory to all, you can handle the television problem the same way. I think a Family Council, or meeting of the whole family to discuss the situation is the best solution. Decide together which programs will be seen, allowing each member of the family an equal opportunity to choose.

Mrs. Regina Wieman in her book *The Family Lives Its Religion* says that parents are the trustees of the atmosphere of the home charged with making that atmosphere the very best for the growth of the individuals. It is the duty of the parents to remove or change any condition that does not contribute to the best home atmosphere. If the television, or anything else, causes fighting and bickering, why not forbid the use of it until such time as it can be used happily and cooperatively?

E. N. J.

**India's first orthopedic hospital opened last September in Bombay. The hospital is to have a school for crippled children, an orthopedic workshop, and a research institute for prevention of disease.**



Some families like to get together for while after dinner, or just before going to bed, to listen to favorite records—some old, some new. Popular among families for many years have been the songs from the operettas by Gilbert and Sullivan. This has been especially true the past few years since the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company has been coming to the United States on tour. This company is the same one that originally produced the operettas when Gilbert and Sullivan wrote them. The performers, of course, have changed again and again, but the management remains in the same family, and the presentation remains the same in form and style. The following recordings by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, on 45 rpm London records, are now available:

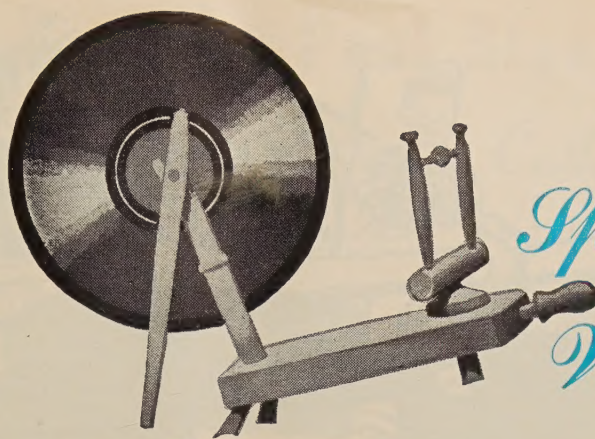
- "Trial by Jury" (4 records)
- "H.M.S. Pinafore" (8 records)
- "Pirates of Penzance" (11 records)
- "The Gondoliers" (12 records)
- "The Mikado" (11 records)

Families also like to listen to hymns together, either as part of their family worship, or just for friendly enjoyment. The Mariners have prepared a recording (Columbia LP or 78) of well-loved hymns, including "In the Garden," "Abide with Me," "Lead Kindly Light," "Now the Day Is Over," and six more. The Mariners' quartet is made up of two Negroes and two white men, who became acquainted with each other while they were in the service during the last war. Since the war, they have been singing together and have become extremely popular on radio and television.

Some stories will always be loved by children and grown-ups alike. One of these is *Peter Pan* by Sir James M. Barrie. Who will ever forget the boy who never grew up and who could fly, or Captain Hook the pirate, or Nana, the wonderful dog who was nurse? Columbia now has a recording of *Peter Pan* (both LP and 78) with Jean Arthur as Peter, Boris Karloff as Captain Hook, and other members of the cast now giving the play.

One of the most versatile of pianists today is Oscar Levant. He perhaps is best known for his presentations of George Gershwin's music. He was a very good friend of Gershwin, and, after the composer's death, made a specialty of playing his compositions. "Concerto in F for Piano and Orchestra" and "Second Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra" (Columbia LP and 78 rpm) are two of Gershwin's works played by Levant.

Oscar Levant also plays classical music. Columbia has recorded a group of Chopin pieces under the title "Oscar Levant Plays Chopin," and some Debussy—"Levant Plays Debussy." Both of these come in LP and 78 rpm recordings.



## The Spinning Wheel

By ANN I. TATMAN

Another well-known instrumental soloist is Fritz Kreisler, famous violinist. Columbia's "Music of Fritz Kreisler" (78 rpm) includes "Caprice Viennois, Op. 2"; "Tambourine Chinois, Op. 3"; "The Old Refrain"; "Stars in My Eyes"; "Liebesleid"; and "Liebesfreud". This also comes on an LP record, together with "Music of Sigmund Romberg."

Still another instrumental soloist is Ethel Smith, organist. Instead of playing only chorales, hymns, and other religious music on her organ, Miss Smith plays various kinds of music. By doing this, she has proved how very versatile and interesting the organ is—dignified and majestic for magnificent church music, soft and sweet for love songs, jolly and gay for children's tales. Decca has recorded Miss Smith playing children's music and called the album "Ethel Smith's Toy Parade." This collection of organ solos with instrumental accompaniment comes in LP (33 1/3) and 45 rpm recordings, and includes "March of the Toys," "Teddy Bear's Picnic," "Tubby the Tuba Song," "Monkey on a String," "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," "Dream Express," "Wedding of the Painted Doll."

Children's records need not be for the children alone. Families will find much pleasure in joining the young ones as they listen to their favorites. One of these is the record "Happy Mother Goose" (Victor 45 rpm), a series of modernized nursery rhymes presented by Kukla, Fran, and Ollie of television fame. Peter Lind Hayes, another television star, tells the exciting story of "The Little Tune That Ran Away" (Decca, both 45 and 78 rpm), and Frank Luther presents "Thirty-three Children's Songs" (Decca; 45 and 78 rpm).

Children's records sometimes are accompanied by readers, colorful books with pictures to illustrate the story told on the records. One of these, issued by

Capitol Records, is "The Grasshopper and the Ants" (45 and 78 rpm). This is the story of how the industrious ants teach a sound moral lesson to lazy Mr. Grasshopper.

Two other children's records accompanied by pictures are "Mr. Toad," presented by Basil Rathbone, and telling the "good deed" mission from "The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad," and "The Fire Engine Siren," a tale of a curious cat that stowed away on a fire engine. Both of these come in both 45 and 78 rpm.

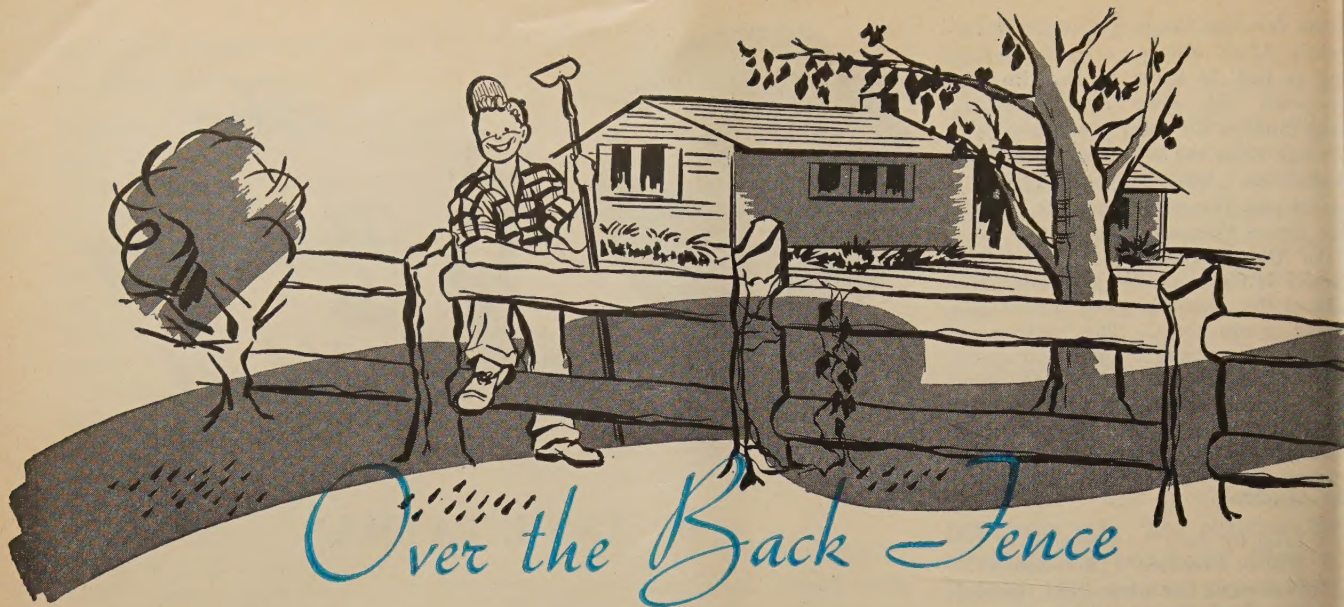
## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

"So king Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and for wisdom. And all the earth sought to Solomon, to hear his wisdom, which God had put in his heart." (1 Kings 10:23-24.)

### The Words

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| A. Footstool   | L. Greenhorn |
| B. Echo        | M. Howled    |
| C. Choose      | N. Limit     |
| D. High school | O. High tide |
| E. Hawk        | P. Dream     |
| F. Fawn        | Q. Strand    |
| G. Flagship    | R. Start     |
| H. Humid       | S. Room      |
| I. Hastened    | T. Dial      |
| J. Shook       | U. Tin       |
| K. Exodus      | V. Nearest   |





### 175,000 New Homes

Will be started during the month of June! That is an estimate based on the widely held belief that June is the month of brides (and grooms too, we suppose!). At any rate the figure is close enough for our purposes.

It is likely that the majority of those marriages were performed under the auspices of the church. That in itself presents the leadership of the church with a tremendous opportunity. There has not yet been widely used by the church a strategy that takes full advantage of the possibilities offered in these new homes being established every month.

*Hearthstone* came into existence to help the church to perform its task in and through the home. We believe that many of these new homes that are set up each month can be reached for the church through its pages. A number of our readers have written in to say that their churches are presenting a year's subscription to couples who are married by the minister, whether members of the congregation or not. Is your church doing that? If you believe that *Hearthstone* is an effective instrument of Christian education and guidance in the home why not see that some of those 175,000 homes established this month are introduced to "The Magazine for the Christian Home"?

### School Is Out!

In many places school has been dismissed for the summer for some time. Other communities will restrain their charges for two or three weeks more in June. By the twentieth of the month, however, our heading will be literally true.

Therefore, *let's go to school!*

What school? Why, Vacation Church School, of course! Over five million other people's girls and boys will be attending this summer. Are yours? Is your church having one this summer?

What better way is there to celebrate the 50th Birthday of the Vacation Church School movement than by helping to organize another school?

### Maim Street, U. S. A.

No, that heading is neither a typographical error or a mistake in spelling. We mean just that, *Maim Street, U.S.A.* It runs east and west, north and south, clear across this fair land of ours.

It refers to the fact that in one year's time about 35,000 persons will be killed and over a million and half will be injured on the streets and highways of the nation. That is over three times the number killed in Korea and about thirty-three times the number wounded or injured in one year's fighting.<sup>1</sup>

In the light of that fact let us remember that we are now approaching summertime, which might be morbidly paraphrased as "the good old slaughtering time."

Here are some rules to follow that will help lower the death rate this summer:

1. Drive only in rainy weather. Three out of four accidents happen in clear weather on dry roads.
2. Drive only during the week. Forty per cent of the fatal accidents occur on Saturday and Sunday.
3. Keep the car in the garage between 6:00 P.M. and 6:00 A.M. Fifty-six per cent of all traffic deaths occur during those hours.
4. Ride only in an old broken-down jalopy. Ninety-four per cent of 1949's death toll were in motor vehicles which were apparently in good condition.
5. Let your wife drive. Ninety per cent of all drivers involved in accidents were men.
6. Ride only with drivers under 18 or over 60. They were involved in only seven per cent of the accidents in 1949.
7. Stay away from the cup that jeers. Estimated from twenty-five to fifty per cent are given for liquor-caused accidents.

Yes, we know most of the above rules are silly, but we'd live much longer if we obeyed them. Five final words:

**Don't speed and don't drink!**

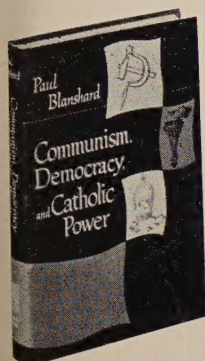
<sup>1</sup>Based on figures available on March 1.



# Another Great Book by Paul Blanshard . . .

Author of *American Freedom and Catholic Power*

## COMMUNISM, DEMOCRACY, and CATHOLIC POWER



PAUL BLANSHARD'S earlier documentation of the *American* aspect of the struggle with the Vatican is in its thirteenth printing some 20 months after publication, and still selling over a thousand copies a week. It was honored as one of the "50 outstanding books of the year" by public libraries of the American Library Association.

In his new book, Mr. Blanshard studies the dual struggle for the soul of the democratic world . . . he has turned a searchlight on the Kremlin oligarchy's program to bring the democratic world under a system of *authoritarian control over the minds of men* and he deals with the program of the Vatican theocracy to bring the democratic world under a system of *authoritarian control over the minds of men*. "Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power" brings to a climax a research project of many years.

Mr. Blanshard does not discuss Catholicism as a religion or communism as a theory, but the strategy and tactics of "two great systems of power which have been corrupted by the corruption of absolute authority." He weighs these two institutions, the Vatican and the Kremlin, on the scales of democracy, and tries to give an honest answer to the question: What should be the policy of western democracy toward them?

"The two patterns of power (Vatican and Kremlin)," says Mr. Blanshard, "are as alike as the two poles of the earth. They occupy the opposite extremes of the moral universe, but they represent the same intellectual climate—the climate of authoritarian rule over the human mind."

### Chapters Include:

The Clash of Titans . . . The Kremlin Structure of Power . . . The Vatican Structure of Power . . . The Devices of Deification . . . The Kremlin and Thought Control . . . The Vatican and Thought Control . . . The Battle of the Schools . . . Discipline and Devotion . . . The Management of Truth: The Kremlin . . . The Management of Truth: The Vatican . . . The Strategy of Penetration: The Kremlin . . . The Strategy of Penetration: The Vatican.



**PAUL BLANSHARD** has been trained in both theology and law. He is a member of the New York bar and has had a distinguished career as a public servant in New York and Washington. In the first LaGuardia administration he was head of the city's Department of Investigation and Accounts, where he became known as "the conscience of New York." He has served in the U.S. State Department and as U.S. adviser at several international conferences.

He is a life-long liberal who has taken an active part as an anti-Communist leader in both politics and in the labor movement. During the past 25 years, Mr. Blanshard has had the privilege of six periods of study and observation in Europe and two in the Orient, and he has lived for a time in both Moscow and Rome. During 1950 he was the Rome correspondent for *The Nation*.

He is the author of "American Freedom and Catholic Power," "Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean," "An Outline of the British Labor Movement," etc.

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